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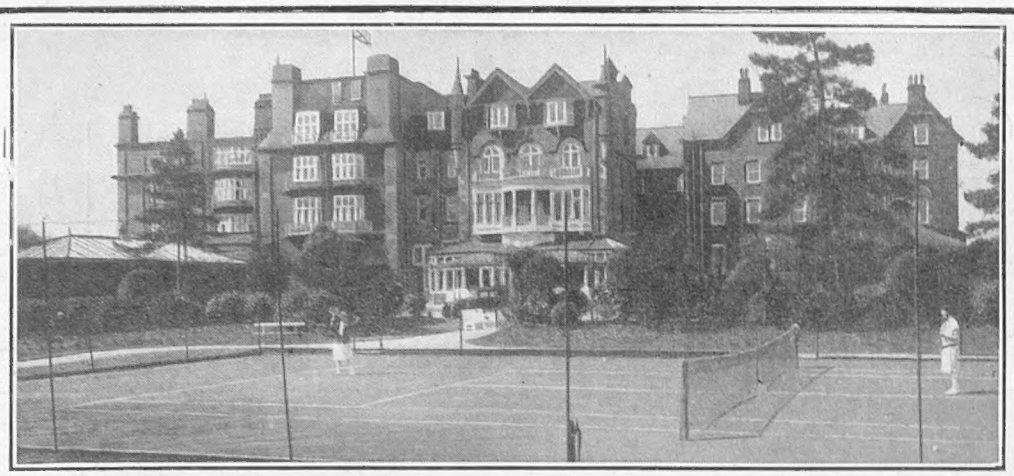

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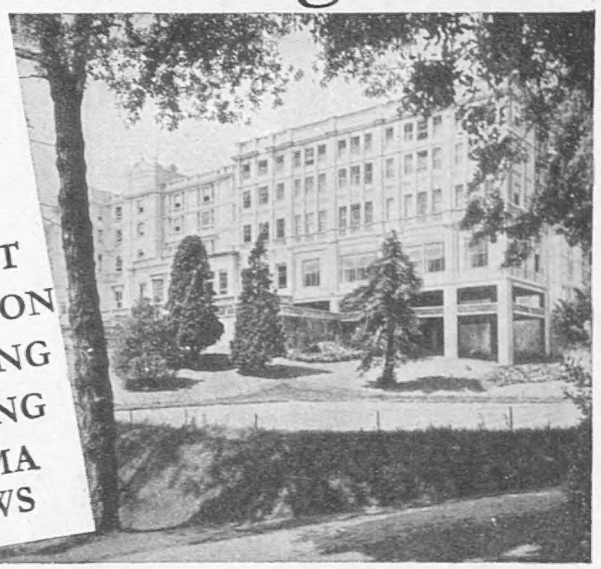

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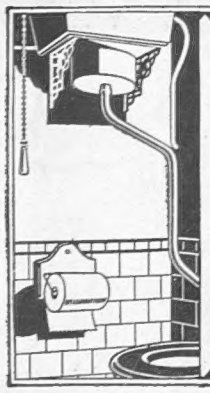

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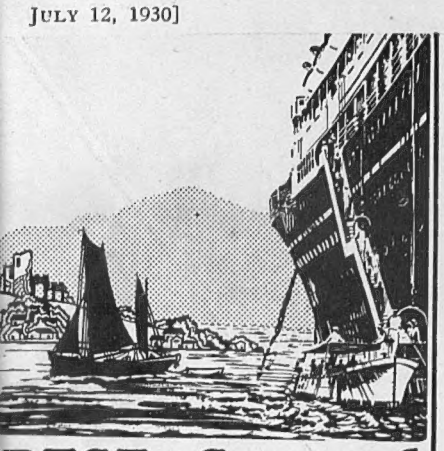

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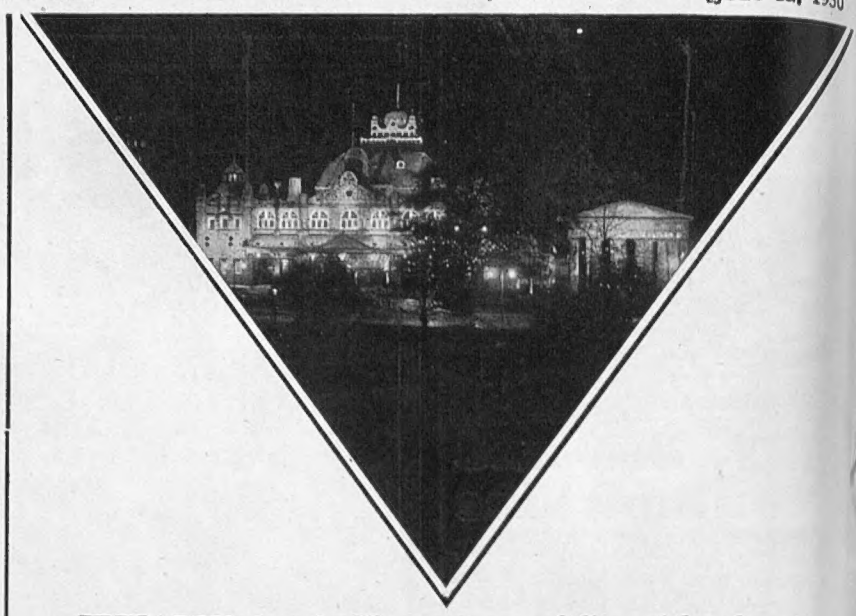

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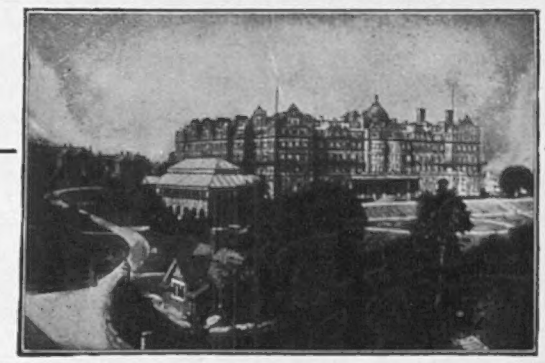

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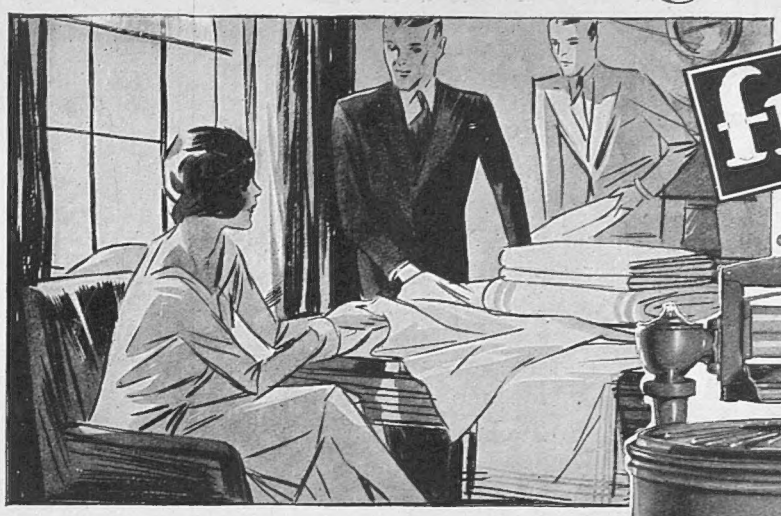

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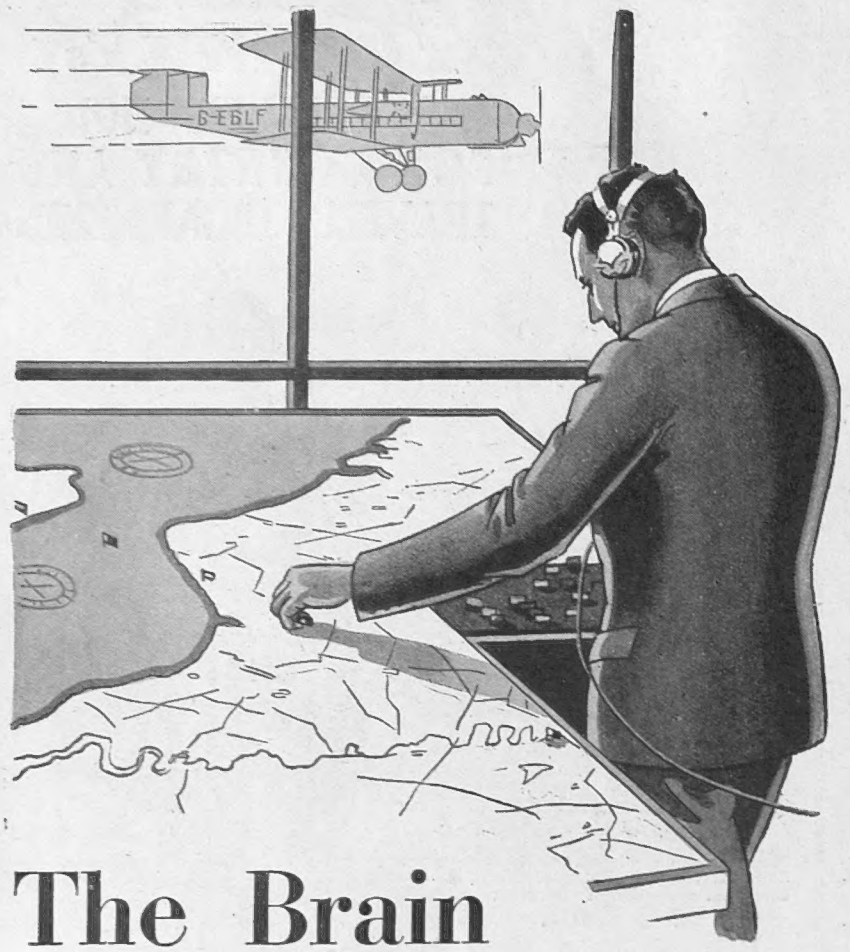

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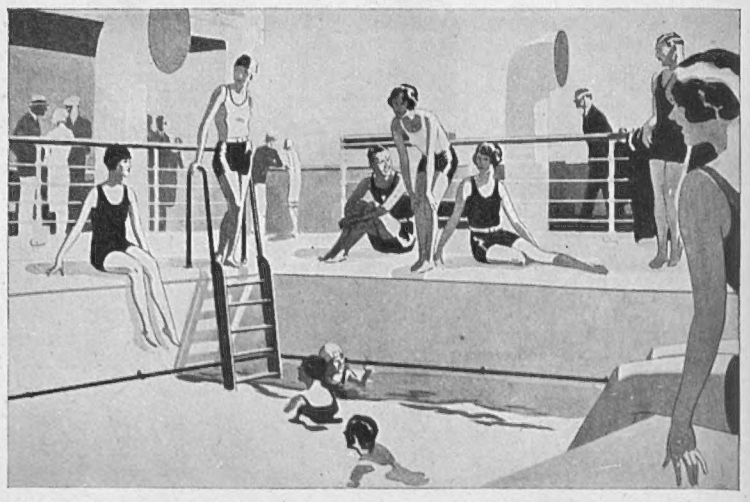

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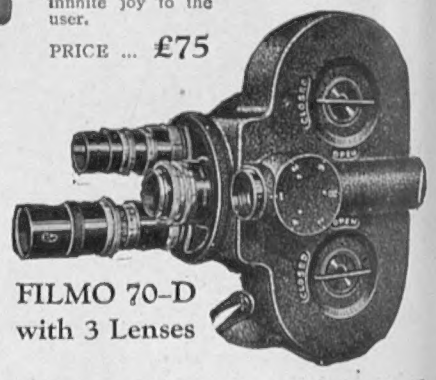

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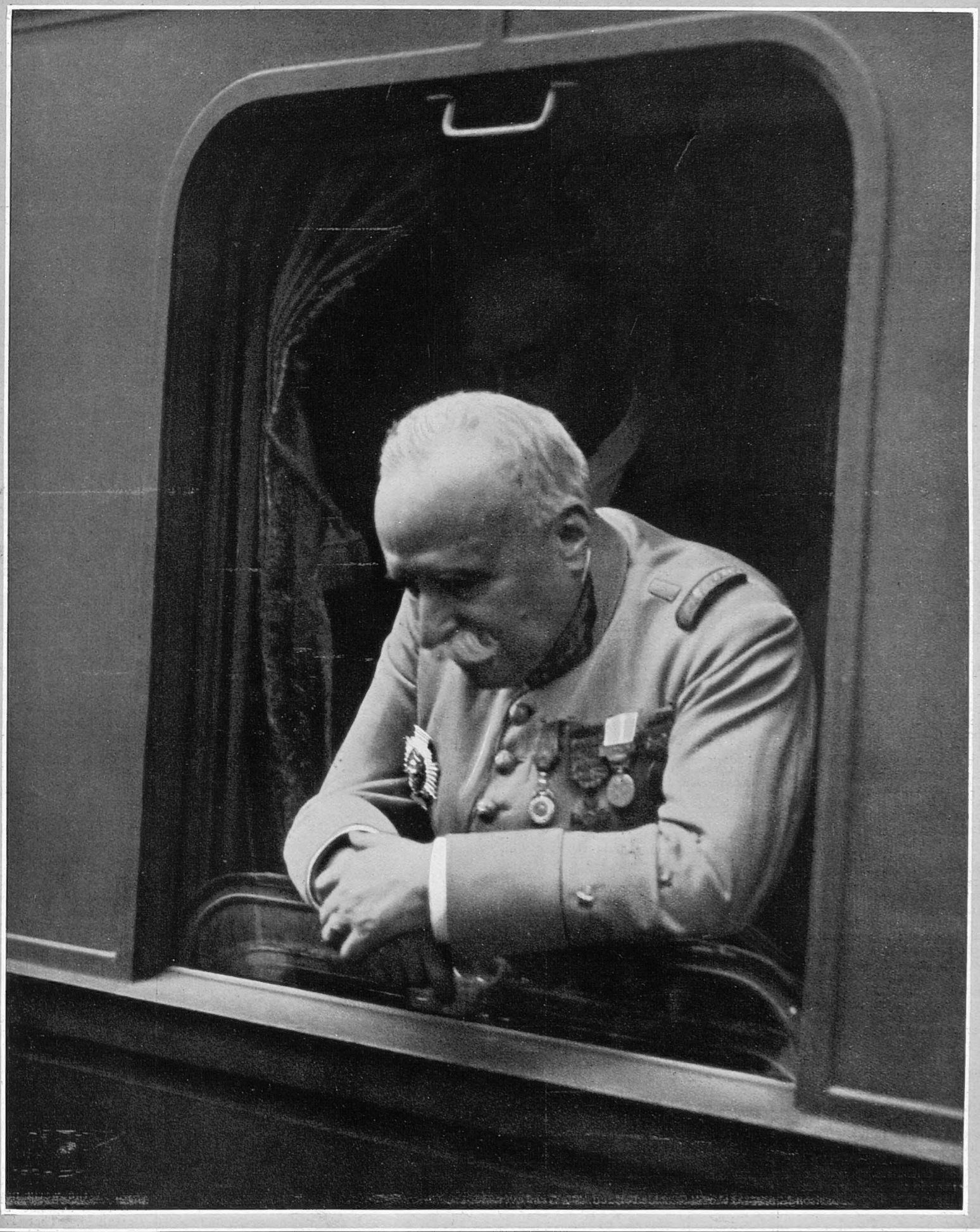


ADIEU!

General Guillaumat in the Train at Mainz

With contemplative eye and sombre mien, General Guillaumat, Commander-in-Chief of the last Allied troops of the Army of Occupation to remain in the Rhineland, entrained at Mainz for France, his task, thankless at times, necessary always, completed. The *Tricolour* had fluttered down from the flagstaff of the Castle, the flag to which the venerable soldier reverently laid his lips, and the colours of the Republican Reich had been run up in its stead. And with the departure of the troops from Mainz the War may be said to have come to its final and definite end. "The French Army leaves the Rhine," said the General, "with the tranquil conscience that is given by duty done to the end. The Army has the right to be proud of the fact that its duty has been accomplished in twelve years instead of the fifteen years allotted, since the Government of the Republic judges it so."

A London Newsletter

COOLING OFF: A heat-wave study when the temperature was 80 deg. in the shade

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 9, 1930.

The End of the Summer.—The end of the London Season is in sight. Its rearguard's dust pall becomes visible after the Eton and Harrow. What remains for the Select? The Royal Garden Party, Goodwood, Cowes. By the last week in July autumn has made her mark on London with withered leaves, brown grass, and stale air. But for most of us the end of the London Season is the beginning of summer's activities. In May and June we are spectators. In July we become protagonists. Now we put into practice the lessons we learned from the Americans at Wimbledon, now we essay the cuts and drives we applauded at Lord's. Now for the first time it is warm enough to breakfast and dine out and to venture into the water above the ankle line. Now indeed begins the best of the English summer; you should have no cause to complain, except during brief snaps of cold or wet, until mid-October. No need to be sad—unless you are fast bound in London until the Autumn Session. No need to grouse if your holidays are before you. The Season's bread and circuses are very rich and stimulating, but life is far more interesting in the arena than in the tiers.

No Limit.—Mr. Morrison will go down to history as the man who removed the speed limit. In the face of vigorous opposition by his own party he removed it. Possibly he may yet be remembered as the man who changed his mind. Throughout the long progress of his Bill he has maintained two remarkable principles:

(1) The speed limit ought to be abolished because nobody ever obeys it. Query? If murder enormously increased should murder cease to be an indictable offence?

(2) We must educate the road hog to be a "British Gentleman." We know what education has so far succeeded in accomplishing in that direction.

We ask ourselves how many more thousands of innocent lives are to be sacrificed because Governments cannot or dare not govern; or to justify Mr. Morrison's optimistic theories concerning the virtue of National Education. What possible hope is there that the activities of police motor-patrols can have any restraining influence on the road hogs for a year at least? None. If the speed limit is removed within a year from the start of a serious road-police campaign it will mean wholesale murder.

Lords and Ladies.—As sporting events, the University and school matches at Lord's this week could not hope to produce the old-time thrills. There are several reasons for this. *Imprimis*, the memory of the great Second Test is too fresh. Good cricketers as some of the Blues are, keen in the field as are schoolboys, the play seemed by comparison like the better sort of village cricket. None the less, Oxford seldom had such an array of hard-hitting batsmen or a better hope of retrieving their position in 'Varsity cricket. Cambridge's opening stand was a trial of faith, but luncheon and Peebles revived a lost cause. As for its social side, Lord's will not be again what it was until the Victorian taste for the "crush" and garden party type of social function returns to favour and fashion. A new frock for Lord's is no longer an infirmity of even the vainest mind. Duty calls and we go there—in what remains of our deluged Ascot finery.

Test Reflections.—There are no surprises in the choice of the Third Test team. Woolley, as Hobbs himself shrewdly remarked, suffers for his superbrilliance as Hobbs's partner! Let us freely admit that we were lucky to win the First Test and that Australia showed an all-round superiority over our team in the Second. Australia has an organized team. We, for one reason and another, produce eleven cricketers when the clock strikes eleven. If Chapman stands alone as a fielder, the Australians are a team of trained fieldsmen. I resent the criticisms of even experienced captains like Fender. I like the Selection Committee to have a free hand and public support. But there is a tendency to be too clever, to wait on the wicket, to consider the sky. There is no justification—even in Test Cricket—to select a second-class man because no first-class man is available for his particular line of business. It would be far better, I believe, to select the best available seventeen cricketers in the country to represent England even when she is playing Tests at home. Such a selection makes for the team spirit, for *esprit de corps*, for individual and team moral. The Selection Committee's work should be practically finished a month before the First Test, and thereafter the responsibility should fall heaviest on the captain.

A Word for the Amateurs.—During the week dedicated to amateur cricket and on the eve of the Gentlemen and Players, it is not unreasonable to publish an "Old Stager's" stupendously sensational statistics. This amazing discovery is all my own. Listen. In the historic Second Test England played five amateurs and six professionals. There are a number of famous cricketers who are apt to turn up their noses at amateurs, to regard them as the super-cargo of the ship. What happened in the famous test? In two innings we got nine Australian wickets. The amateurs, being five to six, got six of them. In two innings England compiled 800 runs. The amateurs, being five to six professionals, got 462 of them. Not to mention the runs saved and the wickets secured by Chapman in the field, and not to mention the golden inspiration of Chapman's captaincy.

The Hub of Empire.—Aden and York Station have gone out to 100 to 3. The pavilion at Lord's has suddenly become first favourite as a sure meeting place of all your acquaintance from every chapter of your life. I say "suddenly" advisedly. The pavilion is annually crowded during the Eton and Harrow, and one or two other great cricket fixtures. But the experience of the Second Test match, especially on the opening day (for on the Saturday the pavilion was by comparison a desert) was something quite new. Princes, premiers, peers, and bishops were of course there in coveys. But it seemed to me that for this once the Empire had been dragged with a small mesh net—from Rake to Rangoon, from Easter Island to Eastbourne, from Hong Kong to Hudson Bay. Wet bobs and dry bobs, professors and squires, governors and poets, archæologists and airmen, soldiers and sailors, black and white, and red all over. I enjoyed a vast panorama and pageant of my chequered career, half joy, half sadness, wholly interesting.

A Born Story-teller.—The death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recalls to me those dim Victorian days when Mr. Druce and Mr. Holmes between them made Baker Street "a paradise enow." How we would wait panting for the new "Strand," how we thrilled over the vigil in the "Speckled Band." Was ever there such a wizard at choosing titles for his yarns? Who but Stevenson has done more for the delight of boys? His judgment was the one quality in his composition which seemed to me to be wanting. He let *Sherlock Holmes* go on too long and had no idea himself how sadly the later stories let him down. And he championed Slater and Spiritualism and I have the feeling that in the end both might have disillusioned him.

Unsolved Murders.—The Commissioner of Police's annual report shows generally that crime is slightly on the increase especially due to an increase in the crimes of larceny and housebreaking. This increase lies to the credit of the motor-car. It is easily stolen, and once stolen it enlarges the field and increases the opportunity for successful thieving. Murders in 1929 show an extraordinary decrease, a 50 per cent. reduction on the average for twenty years. On the other hand the tale of unsolved murders is steadily rising. It is easy to recall nearly a dozen quite notable murders, from the Bayswater and the Reading murders onward, which have totally baffled the police. Considering the immense advance in the science of detection this seems strange at first sight. But it must be remembered that, compared with twenty years ago, the number of murders which never come to light at all has been reduced hugely. In the dark ages of the nineteenth century there was probably an undetected murder for every one detected. Nowadays the meticulous care required of coroners and doctors has ended this black record. I feel satisfied in my own mind that the criminal is not finding business conditions in this country improving. If the police were not principally employed as nurserymaids, thieves and murderers would emigrate to more congenial surroundings.

The Water Gipsies.—These are momentous, busy times, but I can't postpone a special notice of *The Water Gipsies*, by A. P. H. You need just such a book as this in the dog days, on the river, or in your garden. It is the healthiest humanity, the soundest sanity, the neatest, wittiest, most decent exposition of Hammersmith Palais-de-danse psychology ever penned. You are a nice-minded reader, I am certain. So am I. We should have said that detailed accounts of the seductions of the two daughters of a bargee—(a) by a Jew-boy, (b) by a Communist; (a) in a Strand hotel, and (b) a punt—could hardly be made edifying, touching, almost beautiful, and wholly devoid of eroticism. Mr. Herbert succeeds in making them so, and that means that Mr. Herbert possesses 100 per cent. humanity, 100 per cent. humour, 100 per cent. understanding, and 100 per cent. decency. Read and see. It is a book for your young daughters. I am laying in a copy for mine.

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP: Miss Winifred Brown who added fresh laurels to the corporate brows of flying women by her victory at 102·7 m.p.h.

Wilde Revivals.—I am meagrely qualified I admit to advise men who have spent their lives and made their names in theatrical ventures. But when I note that there are two Oscar Wilde revivals now on hand, I gain the courage of my convictions and rush into print. I could swear that any Wilde revival is predestined to failure just now. I firmly believe that Wilde and his artificial comedies of (bad) manners are deader than Queen Anne or Tutankhamen. I am utterly certain that Lady Whatshername's 100-word, tortured, brilliant epigrams—on the cost of dying, for example—must prove unendurable in the dog days and in 1930. Wilde having no humanity has no permanence. Artificiality *dates*. *She Stoops to Conquer* lives for ever. *Lady Windermere* died in 1910. It is just throwing money away to revive *The Importance of being Earnest*. It is a grave risk to revive *Lady Windermere*.

A Change in the Seasons.—This is in truth our carnival time. The custom of the last century has made it so. Up to the twentieth century the London Season, existed solely as a foil and as a relaxation for Parliament. To-day it exists as a relaxation from Parliament and solely for Society (or possibly for the tradesmen); while it lasts we dismiss thoughts of serious matters as a general rule, though these last weeks it must be admitted it was difficult to do so. In the nineteenth century Parliament disposed of serious and momentous business in the Season and Society discussed every phase of its deliberations. Politics was the prime Society topic. The whole nineteenth century had nothing of more vital importance than the problems before us to-day. Our national life is in the balance, our constitution, our political institutions, our Empire. But for another fortnight we shall keep carnival alive and dismiss thoughts. In the nineteenth century August and September were holiday time. In the twentieth, these months are often the most momentous in the year in politics and finance. It is in August that Premiers confer, that vital conversations take place, that the City wakes from sleep, and history is made. Our mania for sport, our new-found worship of the sun and the open air, the decline of Parliamentary prestige due to the failure of the party system, are the causes of this curious change.

Violet Rays.—I have always been a blind worshipper of the sun; from my infancy I have known that this unknown god whom I ignorantly worshipped held incredible virtues as a healer of mind and body. As I grew to middle age and began to know the ills that middle-aged flesh falls heir to (still before the properties of violet rays were public property) I discovered and recorded the extraordinary fact that the occurrence of the sun each year coincided with my periods of freedom from the common ailments of middle age—indigestion, rheumatism, and so on. I could always clearly appreciate the virtue I acquired from a single day's sun-soaking, and tumbled to it that the more of my skin I exposed the longer that virtue persisted and influenced my health and happiness. I also, blindly groping, tumbled to the fact that sun rays are in a sense an "alternating current," that is, that the first day of sun-soaking following a period of sunlessness was thrice as effective as the last of a series of sunny days. In short, blind instinct has saved me from throwing away for half my life that which the world now knows to be a supreme benefit to mankind. That is why I favour sun-bathing, even in Hyde Park, and deplore the fact that the pioneers of the movement act and write and wage war with the lack of humour and with the violence of cranks.

THE OLD STAGER.

HENLEY: *Where England Held Her Own*

AN EMPIRE VICTORY: J. S. Guest (Toronto) defeats G. Boetzelen (Berlin) in the Diamonds—a race lost by the German who "cracked" through trying to force the pace at the start

"THE PRETTIEST SIGHT IN THE WORLD": Despite the counter-attraction of Finals Day at Wimbledon, the last day of Henley was crowded, as may be seen from the picture reproduced above. Inset: *Lady Margaret (Camb) is seen defeating Pembroke College (Camb) in the Ladies'—a trophy held last year by the U.S.A. London recorded three successes—the Grand, the Stewards', and the Wyfold cups; Cambridge won two events—the Ladies (Lady Margaret) and the Silver Goblets (Third Trinity). The Thames Cup was carried off by Vesta, while B.N.C. (Oxford) walked away with the Visitors' Cup. The Diamonds were won by J. S. Guest of Canada. The American and Argentine Clubs flattered only to deceive, while G. Boetzelen, the first of his race to compete at Henley since the War, reached the final of the Diamonds and impressed judges of form with his potentiality in the future*

RULERS SEVERALLY AND JOINTLY: Miss Ryan, the finest doubles player in the world, and Mrs. Wills-Moody, who excels in doubles and is unequalled in singles

ALL AMERICAN: Tilden and Allison, who fought out the Men's Singles. The loser eliminated both E. F. Moon and the champion, Cochet, but succumbed to "Big Bill"

STARS RISING—and FALLING

in the Wimbledon Firmament

By GODFREY WINN

Another Wimbledon is over. . . .

Putney High Street, which for fifty weeks in the year is Putney, just as East Sheen, its next-door neighbour, is East Sheen, and then for one brief fortnight becomes the passage-way of the world, has returned once more to being—just Putney. The car parks are deserted. The A.A. men with their smiling bronze faces are scattered once more over the countryside. The Centre Court is desolate, empty alike of players and spectators; that grey cement building so reminiscent of some giant aeroplane hangar is wrapped in silence.

The applause is over. And not only the applause but the sighs and laments too—"Oh what did happen to Betty in that last set against Miss Ryan?"—and that great, roaring noise of millions of feet and millions of voices echoing round the corridors, reverberating from the roof, as the enthusiasts pass and repass down the passages, hurrying, scurrying, in their fear of missing a treat, all that is over too. And with it another Wimbledon passes into the store-house of memory, to be crystallized in narrative to less fortunate friends.

But if we are sad that our fun as spectators is over, how doubly sad the players must be—"these few, these happy few, this band of brothers"—how reluctant to leave the scene of their triumph (and disasters, too), how they must loathe having to pack up their bags and racquets and start on their annual round of seaside and country tournaments. For who wants to be a star at Wigan while there is a chance of seeing one's name glittering in lights outside a London theatre?

Every player who has their entry accepted at Wimbledon automatically becomes a star. And though eliminated in the first round, they can spend the rest of the meeting walking up and down in the wide passage-way between the Centre and the Outer Courts—where to promenade sometime during the afternoon is fast becoming as much a social duty as that other parade at Lord's, and proudly as they walk they display their competitor's badge in their buttonhole, and the charm never fails.

A cluster (or is it a bevy?) of fans instantly collect. "Oh, please will you sign my autograph book?" Rather red in the face from the heat and excitement mixed, they proffer a fountain-pen, leaning forward in a kind of supplicatory attitude. And all because he or she can hit a white ball over a net more accurately than you or I.

A strange world, isn't it? and I know someone who will agree. A lovely young woman in red dress who happened to be standing near me the other day when Helen Wills-Moody was being literally mobbed by a host of youthful admirers, after a moment turned away with a sigh. Jealousy? No, you are wrong. It was a sigh of sympathy. That girl in the red dress was Tallulah Bankhead. *And no one had noticed.* The irony of it.

Of course Tallulah Bankhead on the stage doesn't correspond in the least with Helen Wills-Moody on the tennis court, except in the magnitude of their joint stardom. In fact there is no Tallulah of the tennis courts. Eileen Bennett and Señorita de Alvarez both have the same divine insolence, the same way of walking about the court as though the grass ought to be *very, very* grateful, but there the comparison ends. And as for Helen Wills herself, when she walks on to the Centre Court so quietly, so demurely, one feels that she is really about to attend divine service and should have a prayer book, not a racquet, in her hand. Whoever it was who first called her "Little Poker-Face" was quite wrong. In a poker-face the mouth is tight, the eyes suspicious, whereas Helen Wills always reminds me of one of the early primitives, a lovely Madonna in some Southern church, for her whole personality is sweet and gentle, and faintly deprecatory, as though she wanted to say, "I'm awfully sorry. . . . I can't help playing so well."

Not that she has a superiority complex in the least. And in this she is very unlike her fellow American players, who all have it developed to excess. I presume because they have been cradled in the Tilden tradition, *which is to win a match as much by force of personality as by power of strokes.* You forgive it in Tilden, of course—who always behaves on court as though his opponents were small children being given their first lesson in the game—because he has genius, and you forgive genius anything, but one does get rather tired of it in some of the other American stars.

It wins matches, I admit. For instance, our best English hope, "Bunny" Austin, lost to Mangin, a newcomer from the States, after having led 4—2 in both the first two sets, followed by several set points in each. And the reason for this was not superiority of stroke equipment or tactical knowledge on the other's part, but simply that Mangin *exuded* self-confidence. It didn't work so well in the next round against a fellow-American, but in his match with Austin he clearly believed—and showed his belief so strongly—that he couldn't lose, that soon the spectators were believing it too, and finally poor Austin found himself believing it—and obliged. The public-school spirit is tough but not tough enough to withstand the Sinclair Lewis–Lindbergh–Theodore Dreisler—ambassador from a new world-combination.

They are like race-horses, these American stars, trained fine to the last ounce. You feel that they scent victory from far off like a hound scents blood. Defeat one and there is another waiting to take his place. This year it was Tilden, whose amazing come-back I shall refer to later; next year perhaps it will be Doeg, who has got forearms like a blacksmith, and the grace of a Persian kitten, and the looks of a film star, and the fastest service in the world; or William Allison, who with less natural advantages than either his doubles partner, Van Ryn, or Lott, or Mangin, yet possesses a determination, a will to win so deep-seated, so instinctive that it brought him victory over Cochet, and in straight sets too.

The Americans are *real* stars. Not only have they the proper glamour and the glitter, but they also have the class of the real product. Rising or falling they don't break up suddenly into tiny pieces like our English sort. Take Betty Nuthall, for instance. When, three years ago, she defeated Mrs. Mallory in a sensational match everyone predicted that in this English girl—so typically English with her fair hair, pink skin, and charming if rather ordinary personality—we had found Helen Wills's legitimate successor. And ever since then she seems to have been deliberately tantalizing and mocking the prophets by the unevenness of her form. After a bad start this season she was dropped from the Wightman Cup team, and then played so well in the first week at Wimbledon that the pendulum of public opinion swung back again to her side, and everyone went round saying, "What unfair treatment this poor child has had. . . ."

But when hopes ran high of seeing an English girl in the Final she succumbed unexpectedly to Elizabeth Ryan. I watched that match, and I still don't understand really why Betty Nuthall lost. In the second set she was playing like a champion. A dazzling stream of forehand and backhand drives left Miss Ryan helpless and perplexed; and then when the third set began and you would have thought that Betty, on the full tide of success, would be sweeping home to victory as she did against Mrs. Mallory on that same court, suddenly she faltered, served three doubles in one game, and never hit another backhand shot into court. 6—0 the score of that final set was, and there is simply no excuse for Betty Nuthall. It was a disgraceful exhibition, and after this match even her most enthusiastic supporters I found shaking their heads and talking about clay feet. I think they were wrong there. It isn't that Miss Nuthall's feet themselves are made of clay, the trouble is that they are so firmly implanted in clay soil, and that will prevent her from ever walking among the stars. . . .

But nevertheless I must give Elizabeth Ryan her due. This has been a great Wimbledon for her. She reached the final of the Women's Singles, defeating not only Betty Nuthall and Fräulein Aussem on the way, and in partnership with Mrs. Moody and Jack Crawford respectively, won the Ladies' Doubles and the Mixed event. She played long, strenuous, nerve-racking matches hour after hour under a broiling sun, usually giving away ten years, sometimes fifteen years in age handicap, fighting not only more youthful opponents but having also to struggle against the sympathies of the crowd, which as always lay with the less-experienced player. And she never showed temperament or annoyance or weariness or despair. She was always ready to smile and to say "Good shot" when her opponent aced her, and there were no silly second-rate displays of temperament such as some of the players indulged in if and when one of her own favourite shots went wrong.

The success of Elizabeth Ryan is not so much due to the power and skill of her shots as to the fact that *she knows her job so thoroughly.* In America she is what they call a "trouper." She is an actress who has played every kind of part in every kind of play before every kind of audience. She can find her way about the stage blindfold. Her technique is so superb, her concentration so miraculous, her whole life so centred round and so dedicated to her job, that young actresses beside her, more lovely, more graceful, with all the appeal and charm of youth, are made to look like clumsy kitchen-maids.

Which reminds me that I remember an illuminating conversation I once had with that greatest of all the stars, Marie Tempest, who was quite justly complaining of the wrong attitude so many of the young actors and actresses to-day have towards their profession. They get a success in one play and think they are stars, that they need not study any more, but spend their days in bed and their nights dancing and making love. Off the stage they act the star to perfection. But on the stage—and here Miss Tempest shrugged her shoulders; it was an illuminating gesture.

And that's just the trouble with so many of the young tennis players. They get spoilt by too much early admiration, too much easy success against lesser players than themselves. It makes them lazy, and they don't *work* enough. They don't concentrate on the game. For years now we have been saying in England, "Where are the young players?" Well, there are plenty of them around—Nigel Sharpe, J. S. Olliff, Eileen Bennett, Dorothy Round, Joan Ridley, but they don't improve. In fact they retrogress, and the reason is so *very* clear.

But if it has been a bad year for England, it has been an equally bad one for France. The long chain of French successes at Wimbledon has been broken so thoroughly that I don't think it is likely ever again to be mended. For his defeat by Allison, Cochet has no one to blame except himself. On that day he gave a tenth-rate performance. In fact it was like a caricature of one of his usual performances. And what is more he didn't seem to care. Perhaps he was tired. If he was you can quite understand it. The limelight of the Centre Court is probably even more "stale-making" than the limelight of the theatre or the film-studio.

That is where Tilden shows his genius. He has tricks and mannerisms galore, but he knows the right moment to discard them. In his match with Borotra he was justly and naturally annoyed that Borotra refused to discard his too. Tilden had to wait impatiently to serve while Borotra mournfully mopped his neck and forehead with a large bath towel, trailing it over his shoulder in a way which made the crowd almost hysterical with amusement, or having executed a volley at the net, walked back to his place with a deliberately slow and mournful walk, so reminiscent of the end of a Charlie Chaplin film.

Of course Tilden is not popular with the crowd in the least; sometimes I think they almost hate him, in the same way as one used to hate the boy at school who could always do everything so much better than oneself. But one feels that Tilden does not mind in the least, since he is the perfect example of the way the real artiste obtains the greatest appreciation of his work, *not* so much in the applause and eulogies of the mass as in that strange, exquisite satisfaction he receives from himself and in himself with the realization that a piece of work just completed is definitely first-rate.

While all the other tennis stars cluster together in a graph of merit to form the Milky Way, Tilden, like Jupiter, stands right apart.

BOROTRA'S GALLERY TRICK: The mercurial Gaul sent the crowd into paroxysms of amusement by carrying his towel almost to the base-line, where he flung it to a ball-boy who followed at his heels

WEDDING BELLES.

The Ava–Guinness and the Thistlethwayte–Berry Ceremonies

BRIDE AND GROOM: The Earl of Ava and Miss Maureen Guinness, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. *Below:* A bridal attendant

CRYSTAL AND TULLE: A group of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Earl of Ava, son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and Miss Maureen Guinness. They included Lady Honor Guinness, Lady Brigid Guinness, Miss Grania Guinness, and Miss Olivia Fitzroy (cousins of the bride), and Lady Veronica Blackwood (sister of the bridegroom)

AT THE SAVOY CHAPEL: Mr. Thomas Thistlethwayte and the Hon. Eileen Berry, eldest daughter of the late Lord Buckland and Lady Buckland, with their attendants after their marriage last week. Both weddings were noteworthy fashion parades wherein the long skirt was seen at its best and, in the case of the bridesmaids, the diaphanous frock was attractively employed

A WOMAN PILOT WINS THE

Miss Winifred Brown, the Victor in a Field of Eighty-eight whi
Schneider Trophy Pilots. Among the Entrants Fifty-five Compl

MISS WINIFRED SPOONER: A noted feminine pilot in her Martlett

FORTY WINKS: The winner, Miss Winifred Brown, rests at Hanworth in the shadow of her 'plane before making her great effort

FRIENDLY RIVALS: Miss Winifred Bo... Hon. F. E. Guest. Miss Brown, who had ... E. Addams, won the race at the mean ...

THE HANDICAPPER AT WORK: Mr. Rowarth measures the propeller of a competing 'plane

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PILOT: Squadron-Leader Don, the Prince's Airman-in-Ordinary, who was placed seventeenth. A great duel occurred between Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest (eleventh) and this entry. The machines were identical

"GOOD LUCK": Lieutenant-Commander ... wishes from two fair admirers. Lt.-Com... aeroplane crash last year, and with Captain ... race at Le M...

FORCED TO RETIRE: Flight-Lieutenant Atcherley, last year's victor and a Schneider Cup pilot in the Segrave Meteor

THE WINNER AT HANWORTH: Miss B... in ...

Women added to their aviation laurels ... Saturday, when Miss Winifred Brown won the ... round Britain for the King's Cup. Another woma... Mrs. A. S. Butler, was fourth pilot home, two plac... behind her husband, who secured the prize for ... fastest time around the course—129.7 miles per ho...

KING'S CUP

Numbered Two
d the Course

nd Captain the
assenger Mr. J.
02.7 m.p.h.

RANKING FOURTH: Mrs. Butler and her passenger, Miss Durell Sale-Barker; note the easy entry to the car-like cockpit

idston receives good
as the hero of a serious
arnato, of the endurance
ear

TWO BLACKBURN BLUEBIRDS: Squadron-Leader L. H. Slater and Flight-Lieutenant Thompson. Inset above: *Captain Norman Blackburn in a similar 'bus*

TUNING UP: Miss Winifred Spooner makes adjustments to the wings of her machine

her Avro-Avian, taxis to the filling station watched by a huge crowd

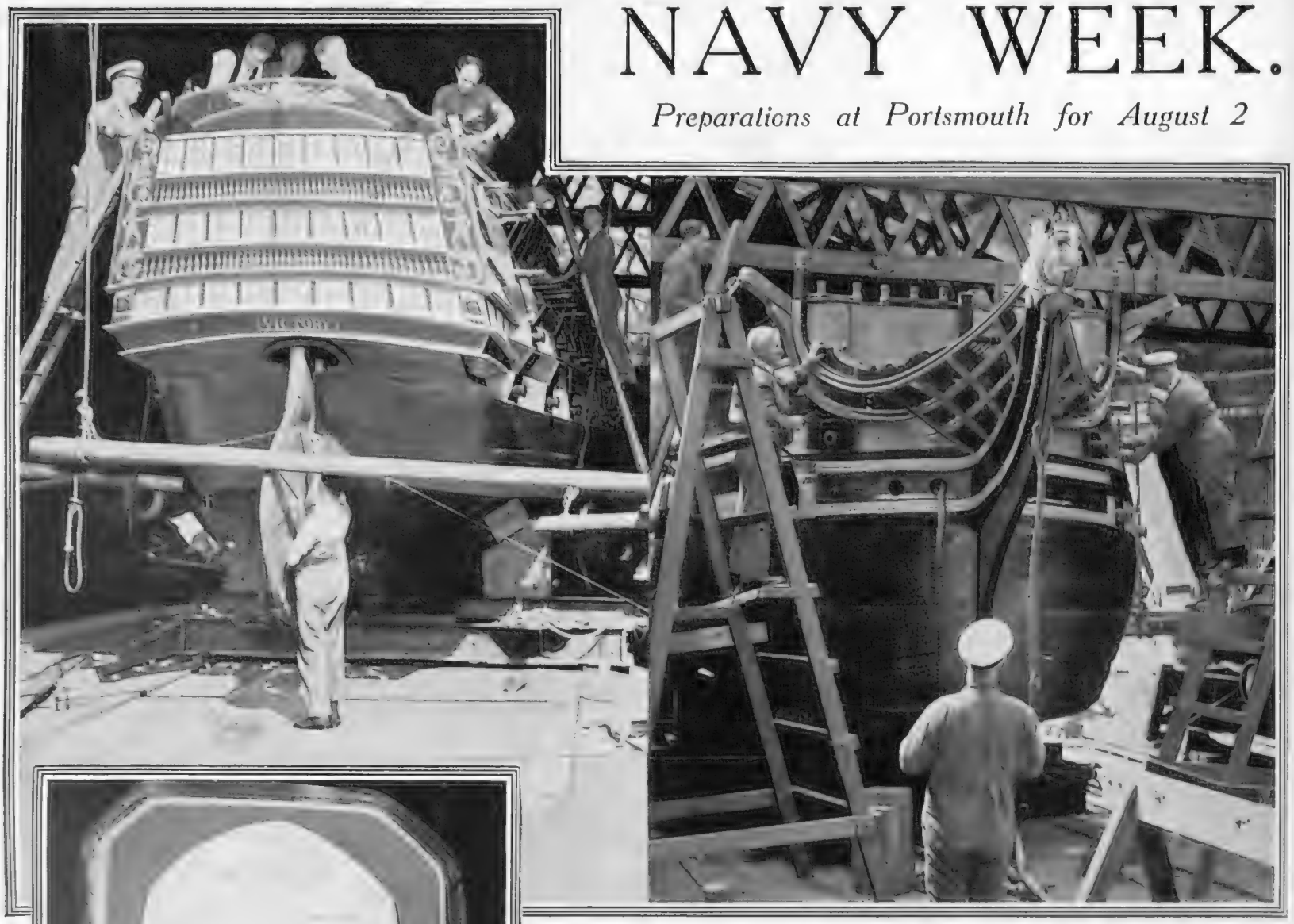
Miss Brown, who triumphed over pilots of International fame, is a Manchester girl, twenty-six years of age. She maintained the fine average speed of 102.7 miles per hour over the 750 miles round Britain. Prince George's machine secured seventh place, and the 'plane entered by the Prince of Wales, seventeenth

MRS. BUTLER: Who came in fourth. Her husband registered the fastest speed

THE START: Col. Lloyd sends off the first 'plane

NAVY WEEK.

Preparations at Portsmouth for August 2



COMPLETING THE MODEL OF A FAMOUS SHIP: Work in progress on the miniature "Victory" built upon a 60-ft. launch. This will be one of the features of Navy Week when visits may be paid to H.M.S. "Nelson," "Centaur," "Hood," "Dorsetshire," "Centurion," "Barham," and destroyers and submarines

A TRIBUTE TO "BRITANNIA'S GOD OF WAR": The plume of triumph taken from his own turban by Sultan Selim III and presented to Nelson after the Nile. It was presented to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, last week. This historic gem was presented to the nation by Lady Barclay through the National Art Collections Fund. It lies where Nelson's body lay in state in 1806. Adjoining it is a case containing the uniform worn by the great admiral at Trafalgar, and to these relics the purse which Nelson carried at the time of his death has been added. When taken from the pocket near which it now lies by Captain Hardy it was found to contain half-a-dozen guineas

ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "VICTORY": Repelling an attack. The "Victory" will be the centre of much activity during the Portsmouth Naval Week. Here a party of her crew is seen standing on her bulwarks armed with boarding pikes. In Nelson's day the men's hammocks were stowed along the side of the vessel in the trough formed by the rope taffrail seen extending towards the front of the picture

Intensive preparations are afoot at Portsmouth in connection with the coming Navy Week which will be held from Saturday, August 2, to Saturday, August 9, when it will be possible to see some of the finest of His Majesty's ships actually in commission, and to watch the crews firing torpedoes, at their gunnery exercises, and performing gymnastics. A great centre of interest will, of course, be the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, which is now completely restored to her condition at the time of the battle of Trafalgar. In addition to the old ship herself (she lies now permanently, in the oldest graving dock in the world) there will sail on the adjacent waters a sixty-foot replica of the *Victory*. This has been cleverly constructed over a dockyard launch of that length, and on Wednesday of this week the vessel took the water for the first time. When the two pictures given above were taken for "The Sphere" the finishing touches were being added both to the bow and the stern.

THE OPERA—and What then?

A provocative discussion

By FRANKLYN MORRIS

Drawn by F. MATANIA

THE GREAT RIGOLETTO OF HIS DAY: Signor Sammarco who in 1911 sang the rôle of the tragic hunchback at Covent Garden—an impression from behind the footlights. He sang with Caruso and Melba

Yet another grand—quite passably grand—season of opera at Covent Garden has come to an end, and music-lovers can pause to consider what has come to them in the past three months and what the future holds. The history of opera in this country is largely a series of such pauses. Something, of no vast import but satisfactory as far as it goes, has always just happened; something, of far greater import, i always about to happen. Experts are always, in and out of these pauses, proclaiming what is wrong with opera and very rarely what is right with it. With some of them language is the chief point; they hold that opera can never be other than the exotic plant it now is until it is heard in the vernacular. Others think that no opera worth giving has been written since the days of Monteverde and Handel, and that it should always be sung in Italian before plain draperies and by "terrified amateurs." (A recent experiment at the Scala Theatre will probably keep this school of operatic thought quiet for some little time.)

With both these theories Covent Garden is in disagreement. It gives London far more, though necessarily in a short space of time than the upholders of either of them ever could, because as far as sanity can be said to have any connection with opera at all its policy is eminently sane. I do not say this policy is above reproach in every particular, nor that there are not foolish errors committed from time to time with, apparently, grave deliberation. But I do say that Covent Garden once a year "delivers the goods," whereas other organizations (with the exception of the excellent provincial spade-work carried on year after year by the Carl Rosa Company) either content themselves with talking about delivering them or put up stray and strange performances which do the cause much harm and bite a big hole in somebody's pocket.

In the past few months we have had at Covent Garden, German, Italian, and French operas. The greatest of these have been the German, and if one can put aside some orchestral deficiencies in the first fortnight (the orchestra then rapidly improved and remained first-rate) the performances have been on an extraordinarily high level. America employs some of these singers from time to time, and so does Beyreuth; but Covent Garden can muster the most complete simultaneous collection of them. I do not wish to hear anywhere, and can never hope to hear, *The Ring* and *Die Meistersinger* with a better company than Schorr, Bockelmann, Melchior, Habich, Janssen, Andrasen, Frida Leider, and Olcewszka, and with a better man than Bruno Walter to direct them.

By way of lighter contrast in the German season we had the happy experiment of *Die Fledermaus*, a performance of which the King and Queen attended. This could either have been a great success or a great disaster; there could be no middle course. Fortunately it was a great success and survived even the yards and yards of dialogue in German which not 9 per cent. of those who heard it understood though 99 per cent. pretended that they did. Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann showed here that a *prima donna* can play the fool at times, and play it attractively; that grand opera can put up an infinitely better bluff when it tackles musical comedy than musical comedy could when it tackles grand opera. The way now lies open, perhaps, for the revival of more of what I may call half-and-half German operas. Such are Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, and, though this is a seriously beautiful work, Humperdink's *Konigskinder*. These may, of course, be merely personal predilections.

I should imagine that not the least of the perplexities of the impresario is the tendency among his supporters to criticize a season adversely because it does not happen to include works of which they as individuals happen to be fond, even though such works may bristle with difficulties (live geese in the cast are a sad drawback to *Konigskinder*) and may be guaranteed to play to half-empty stalls. On the whole the German season satisfied most tastes. There was no *Tristan*, *The Flying Dutchman* being a hardly satisfactory substitute, and not a bar of Richard Strauss was heard, it being considered wise to give *Der Rosenkavalier* a rest. But much ground was covered and it was covered well.

In the Italian season there was a falling off of interest, though the level of achievement remained fairly high. *Norma* was again taken down from the dusty shelf—a dull work produced I imagine mainly in order to give Madame Rosa Ponselle an opportunity to sing "Casta Diva," just as *Marta* a still duller work, was taken down from a still dustier shelf because Signor Gigli happened to wish to sing in it.

Famous singers are queer cattle; their temperaments have to be considered, their whims, so far as is feasible, gratified, and the way of the manager and of his syndicate is not easy. But operas must be selected either because they are of musical worth or because the public wish to hear them, and not because Madame A or Signor B wish to sing in them. What brought grand opera to its lowest stage was *prima donna* worship, and *prima donna* worship just as infant-prodigy worship is the most degenerate aspect of the concert world. We cannot do without a *prima donna* and a star tenor, who are often worthy and admirable folk. But they cannot and must not be allowed to dictate. The important point is the musical quality of the opera itself. If it is sung perfectly so much the better, and the aim, needless to say, should always be for it to be sung perfectly. But a *prima donna* exercising her vocal pyrotechnics and a well-paid tenor bursting forth with his top B flat in works that are musically negligible will bring opera back to the stage in which music-lovers regard it with none too good-natured contempt, and the ordinary public fall, with plenty of excuse, into their old habit of thinking grand opera and everything and everybody that have anything to do with it, a bundle of absurdity. Wagner and Strauss have often been condemned for disregarding the voice and making the orchestra predominate; it is not beyond the bonds of possibility that they did this for more reasons than one.

For the rest we have had an Italian season without *La Bohème*, remarkable, but not wholly desirable, since *Madame Butterfly* and *La Tosca*, considerably inferior works, were retained. Verdi's *Otello* (but, alas, not his *Falstaff*), *Aida*, and *Rigoletto* were included and given, except in the last case, good performances. Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei tre re*, a novelty of 1914, has been revived. It is picturesque and melodious but of no outstanding merit; if its reintroduction has done little good it has certainly done no harm. Rosa Ponselle sang superbly in *Traviata*, and other good Italian-season singers have been Signor Autori, the caricaturist-baritone; Signor Merli, a sound and useful tenor; Signor Stabile, who is rather *vibrato* this year; Miss Edith Mason, Signor Ingholleri, Miss Eva Turner (who was also a Sieglinde), and that incomparable and indefatigable little Belgian tenor, M. Octave Deva.

The French selection was meagre, but with Miss Maggie Teyte singing beautifully in *Pelleas et Melisande*, it cannot be considered negligible. The support for Debussy's remotely lovely opera is steadily growing.

Covent Garden's staging comes in for some hard knocks, but with the material at his disposal Mr. Charles Moor, the stage-director, has given us some fine pictures. Most of the scenery is old, and does not pretend to be other than the nineteenth-century realistic type. But this is in my opinion, precisely the type of scenery opera needs. If grand opera is to be more generally accepted, if it is to rival spectacular films (one day, perhaps, there will be an alliance and an interesting one, too) the hope lies in realism and not in symbolism.

The road is not an easy one, nor can it ever be cheap. But it is the only one to be taken. Any other leads to the ridicule of the cynics and to the relegation of the whole structure—musical, dramatic, and spectacular—to comparisons with the village pageant and the touring circus, or to the symbolic incomprehensibility of Euclidean curves.

At present Covent Garden is on the right lines. But too much is omitted. Brunhilde's fine music was better done this year than I have ever seen it. But the dragon was a curtailed compromise and the ride of the Valkyries was not attempted at all. It is inconceivable that with scientific and engineering resources increased fourfold in comparison with what they were in Wagner's day everything that is asked to be staged in *The Ring* and elsewhere will not one day be staged to perfection. Meanwhile, operatic snow, for instance, should look tolerably like snow instead of resembling postcards torn in half, fluttering slowly down from the flies. The warships in the harbour overlooked by Madame Butterfly's garden should light up at night—it all helps. There is growing taste for music allied to spectacle.

And the audiences? One would not call opera a dying vogue if the sight of the lovely old theatre packed night after night is any criterion. I imagine that by now the priggish theory has been exploded that all well-dressed people who go to Covent Garden do so in order to show off their clothes and jewels, and that true musical appreciation is confined to the cheaper parts of the house. Why some people prefer to consider that money and education, and even a combination of both, preclude the enjoyment of good music I have always found a mystery. What, however, is more important than either its solution or the social brilliance of the past season is the fact that so large a proportion of the audience, from stalls to gallery, has consisted of young people. For the future of opera is in the hands of youth.

L

OFF DUTY: A scene during the celebration of the presentation of Colours held at the Headquarters of the Eighth Regiment, Fourth Division, at Osaka. The soldiers participated in a country dance

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY

writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

YET ANOTHER DEATH OF THE CHURCH.—The "failure of religion"—that twentieth-century challenge to traditional and spiritual cults—is stirring religious, scientific, and philosophical circles in every land to reaction.

The Pope has ordered preparations for an Assembly of the Ecumenical Council next year. Some six thousand Church dignitaries will meet in conference in the new Vatican City to discuss the changing moral outlook, and post-War spiritual needs.

Religion "on scientific lines" is the "modernizing programme" of Dr. Jesse H. Holmes, Professor of Psychology at Swarthmore College, America. Associated with Dr. Holmes are some of the most famous professors and philosophers of the New World. They are ready to assist in an endeavour to supply the "needed religious element in modern life which the great organized Christian churches are failing to supply."

A "Society to Study Religions" is the outcome of a meeting in London this spring, presided over by Sir Denison Ross. Dr. Douglas Brown, President of the Baptist Union, declared a few weeks ago that "organized religion in another ten years will be dead in Britain."

From distant Japan, the well-known preacher, Kaiseki Matsumura, challenges Christianity, Buddhism, and Shinto. In the name of the hundreds of millions in the Far East he demands a new presentation of religion. Turkey has thrust aside Islam. Soviet Russia disowns the Orthodox Church. Church and State are at loggerheads in many of the most conservative European countries. Post-war nationalism is everywhere challenging traditional faiths.

The people's cry of alleged "failure of religion" is less an irreverent outburst of rebellion than weary disappointment at a seeming lack of inspiring sympathy and vitalizing support on the part of spiritual leaders in the most crucial test-years that humanity has ever known.

O-BON, THE BUDDHIST "CHRISTMAS."—On July 13 begins the three days' Buddhist O-Bon season in the Far East. Feast of Lanterns to the foreigner, it is the sacred festival of reunion with the departed, and infinite consolation of 150,200,000 Buddhists all over the world. I have seen the O-Bon celebrations in China and Japan at various times, and am profoundly touched by the beauty of its tradition, comparable in idea to our own All Souls' Day, and far more personal in practice.

Season of joy for all Buddhist families, who yearly entertain the spirits of their ancestors and beloved dead as guests of honour returned to the homes where they once lived and loved, O-Bon is as intimate a family gathering as Christmas.

First, the altar, ancestral tablets, incense burner, and sacred books must be cleaned. Then at the Kusaichi, the O-Bon Grass Market, the busied housewife eagerly selects choice provisions for her spirit guests. She buys vegetables and fruits for their meals, egg-plants and grass with which to make respectively a horse and boat for their use on earth, and "ogara" dried grass stems to burn in front of the house and light the way home. In the villages I have seen ropes of dried grass looped from end to end of the roads to guide the spirit guests. Every house is a-gleam with white lanterns outside and polished up to the last degree of cleanliness inside. The simpler folk walk to the edge of the village to escort their invisible guests home, hospitably welcoming them with loving conversation, reminding a revered grandmother to step carefully over that hole in the road, or grandfather not to forget the one step up. They affectionately regale the gentle ghosts with family news, offer them favourite dishes of their earthly days, recall with smiles that their individual preferences have not been forgotten. A broken home-circle is supremely complete again for these three days, hearts are healed by faith in the eternity of love—and family bonds. At the moment of departure the spirit guests are again lovingly escorted down the road, the sadness of separation lost in ceremonious farewells, anticipation, and promises of the next O-Bon visit.

Appreciative guests draw the freshness from the fruits and vegetables, the flavour from the little dishes reflects the contented housewife as she removes all signs of the three days' spirit feast.

HAUTE POLITIQUE.—Autumn will bring some important changes in foreign Diplomats in London. America and Germany will send us new Ambassadors, and Egypt a new Minister.

Germany has appointed the pick of her Diplomatic Service, Baron von Neurath, Ambassador to Rome, as successor to Ambassador Sthamer. Although the latter is long past the retiring age, he remained in London partly because he was the right type of man to cope with the difficult years following the end of the War, and partly because Berlin seemed unable to agree upon a successor. But with Herr Sthamer becoming more and more pressing in his wish to retire into private life, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the eighty-one-year-old President of Germany, finally took the matter into his own hands, and named Baron von Neurath to the Court of St. James. This announcement brought disappointment to several aspirants, especially to the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Schubert, who, it was no secret in diplomatic circles, had set his heart on London. Instead, President von Hindenburg has appointed him Ambassador to Rome to succeed Baron von Neurath.

The new German Ambassador to London is one of the very few outstanding German figures of the old school of diplomacy. He speaks English, is a man of delightful manners and much personal charm, an interesting conversationalist, keen, alert, highly cultured, and polished. To get on with Mussolini during the first years of the Duce's regime was not always easy.

Herr Hans Dieckhoff, Counsellor at the German Embassy, and as such much liked in London, I hear will be transferred to the German Foreign Office. Count von Bernsdorff, at present First Secretary and for years a popular figure in London diplomatic circles, will, it is believed, be advanced to rank of Counsellor of Embassy.

The return from Washington of the American Ambassador General Charles Gates Dawes, has not set at rest reports of his coming retirement. General Dawes made no secret of it to friends when he first came to London that he did not expect to serve a term of four years. He said he had "a job" to do, and that once finished, he would return to Chicago, where he was approached the other day with a more difficult "job"—that of "cleaning up" the town of gangsters.

General Dawes's special assignment to London by President Hoover seems to have been the negotiating of the preliminaries for the Naval Conference with Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald Senator Reed, a member of the American Naval Delegation, who made quite an impression here, is most mentioned as probable successor to General Dawes.

It is time that King Fouad again sends an Egyptian Minister to London. The post has been vacant since Aziz Pasha Izzet returned to Egypt five years ago, and that has not contributed to better understanding between Britain and Egypt.

Hassan Pasha Nachaat, at present Egyptian Minister in Berlin, and Tewfik Pasha Doss, Minister of Communication in the present Egyptian Government, are mentioned for the post. Both are excellent men, speaking perfect English and French, of Western culture, thoroughly modern, and international outlook. Either one would be an asset to London diplomatic society, and a valuable representative for Egypt at this time. Hassan Pasha is unmarried, but Tewfik Pasha would bring gracious hostesses to the Legation in his wife and brilliantly educated daughter Bella.

MEMOIRS THAT DO NOT REVEAL.—In this modern Age, which seeks to "capitalize" almost every human effort or attainment, it is quite appropriate that the "Great" should capitalize their "Memories," not only as a heritage of thought, observations, philosophy, perhaps dearly-bought experiences, for coming generations to learn from, but also as a substantial bank account for the writer of Memoirs while living, or for his heirs.

It is, too, an age of Publicity, of "Revelations," of "Confessions"—of justification in defeat, of self-praise in victory. And never was such individual or national historical "Psycho-analysis" of self and of others so well paid as to-day. In no twelve-year-period of world history have there appeared so many memoirs of the great or near-great as since the end of the War. Is Humanity any wiser from those books? I wonder.

After many months of intense rivalry between newspaper groups, syndicates, and publishing houses for the publication rights of the memories of Marshal Foch, they have now been sold. The price I hear, has broken all records for "Memoirs."

An American newspaper, magazine, and book publishing group has agreed to pay an almost fantastic figure for the newspaper serial and book rights of the reminiscences of that Marshal of France, leading military figure in the World War. It is believed that this book will have world-wide interest and appeal. In New York I learned that scarcely less keen is the competition among American newspapers and book publishers for the memoirs of General Pershing, the American Commander-in-Chief in France. Bids made and figures asked are said to be only second to the price paid for Marshal Foch's book.

General Erich Ludendorff, together with Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the greatest figures on the German side in the War, was the first of the War leaders to come out with memoirs. And, being the first, Ludendorff received a price for book and newspaper rights that stood as a record for War memoirs until the ex-Kaiser's book came along. Wilhelm II realised about £50,000 from his first literary effort. It proved a great disappointment to the American syndicate that bought the rights. Marshal Foch can be proud that publishers consider him a "better author" than the ex-Kaiser, and his forthcoming book a "best seller," as indicated by the much higher price paid him.

If the War memoirs would only tell us all the truth! But that is too much to expect. In the secret archives of the American State Department in Washington there is said to be a reference to the idea of sending an intermediary to Stockholm to approach the Germans for peace in March 1918, immediately after Ludendorff struck his terrific blow at the Allied front. It is corroborated by a letter from the White House dated in April 1918.

TO REPRESENT EGYPT AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES? H.E. Tewfik Pasha Doss, Minister of Communications in Ismail Sidky Pasha's Cabinet

"RHEINLAND FREI"

The Official End of the War with the Withdrawal of the Last French Troops from Mainz

THE LAST BATTALION: The ultimate French detachment of infantry evacuate the Rhineland. As they entrained they were greeted with hooting. After their departure the whole district was en fête, ablaze with bonfires and flags

GERMAN FLAGS REPLACE THE TRICOLOR: *When the French flag was hauled down from the Castle to the stirring strains of the* Marseillaise, *General Guillaumat reverently kissed it. The German flag was at once run up, but the festivities—bonfires, beacons, pealing bells, cheers, and songs—did not begin until the last troops had entrained for France. Above the colours both of the German Reich and of Hesse are seen. President Field-Marshal von Hindenburg swore in 1918 that he would not set foot in the Rhineland until the last troops of an alien Power had been withdrawn*

AN ORGY OF JOY: The streets of Mainz, decked with flags, through which, resounding with pealing bells and lurid with beacons and bonfires, celebrating citizens paraded. Top right—*THE* TRICOLOR *borne with ceremony out of Mainz*

WITH THE BRAVE LITTLE BRITISH NAVY

Making the most of what is left to us by "Peace" gestures on both sides of the Atlantic

N.B.—The term "cruiser" now includes all vessels between battle cruisers like H.M.S. "Renown" and flotilla leaders

In last week's debate in the House of Lord's, Earl Beatty delivered a stirring speech on the cruisers from which the following excerpts are taken

EARL BEATTY

It was recognized that if the United States wished to build up to our standard she could do so without causing us any anxiety. Taking that into account it was considered that the number of cruisers we required was seventy, and this number remained the aim and object of the Admiralty up to the end of the last Administration. How or why that number was in the short space of a few months cut down to fifty was one of the most inexplicable things of all times. . . . As to the thirty-five cruisers with 6-in. guns which we should have in 1936, the Government had now produced a programme which did not even provide for the very small number that we were permitted by this Treaty to have. . . . The very dark side of the picture remained. Of the remaining twenty-one cruisers, in 1936 they would be seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen years old. They would only have a life of one, two, and three years, taking twenty years as the life of a cruiser. Other nations were permitted to replace at sixteen years, but this unfortunate country was limited to replace only after twenty years. . . . In 1936 the Government of the day would require to build twenty-one cruisers in three years—that was to say, seven cruisers a year—and they would be of less than 5,000 tons, to enable them to get the adequate number of fifty. . . . Even with seventy cruisers we should have very great difficulty in maintaining the Western approaches to the Mediterranean. . . . He was not alone in this matter. Lord Jellicoe, in a serious speech in their Lordships' House, had warned the Empire that the Treaty was going beyond the limits of safety.

EARL JELLICOE

Earl Jellicoe, in a forceful speech, remarked: *At the Geneva Conference the Government and the Admiralty looked upon a minimum of 70 cruisers as absolutely essential. Those who took part in that Conference, and those who held positions of responsibility during the Great War, were anxious to know the reasons which had induced the Admiralty and the Government to cut down the figure to fifty.*

THE CRUISER QUESTION

The House of Lords debate on the cruiser question contained a good deal of futile argument, but it clears the air to a certain extent and makes it very certain that a good deal of rather expensive building will be necessary for Britain during the next few years. After 1936, if the idealistic hopes of the present Government are not realized, the expense of new construction is liable to be colossal.

To the layman the situation is apt to be confused by all types of cruisers being lumped together, the little *Cleopatra* of 3,750 tons, with her speed of 29 knots and broadside weighing 400 lb., being classed in many of the published tables with the 10,000-ton County type with their speed of 32½ knots and broadside of 2,056 lb.

The cruisers of the British Fleet really have three very distinct functions, and each type must be designed primarily for one of these. These functions naturally overlap, and every cruiser must expect to be employed on service other than her own particular one, but this mixing of functions must invariably mean unnecessary expense on the one hand or the overstraining of the material on the other.

Firstly, there is the squadron fighting work on the distant stations, including combined operation with the military, for which the 8-in.-gun cruiser always has to be ready. Although expensive, she must combine this duty with trade protection and convoy work, which is the main purpose of the whole British Navy but especially of the medium-sized cruiser, and finally there is scouting and other work in connection with the Battle Fleets.

With regard to the 8-in. gun cruisers the British Navy is limited by the agreement to fifteen units of 146,800 tons, the United States to eighteen units of 180,000 tons, some of which will probably be exchanged for 6-in.-gun cruisers as is their right, and the Japanese to twelve units of 108,400 tons which is their present fleet, built and building.

With Britain limited to this extent in what might be described as the capital ships of the cruiser world it is not difficult to see what would happen if a powerful squadron like that of Von Spee got loose on the food lanes, or on the essential communications with the Empire. It must not be forgotten that in 1914 the famous corsair, *Emden*, a small ship at the best of times, called for the attention of thirteen ships and two auxiliary cruisers, and yet contrived to do infinite damage and only to be caught with a big element of luck.

For commerce protection on the distant stations 7,000 tons is regarded as the ideal, but 6,000 will do at a pinch providing there is a stiffening of the bigger ships to counter any 8-in. raiders who may be at sea. In this and the smaller type combined Britain is allowed 192,200 tons, the United States 143,500, and the Japanese 100,450, but for ships of a size suitable for the work the British Navy is deplorably weak.

(I) THE CASE of the 50 CRUISERS

on which all the Empire links depend

H.M.S. "SUSSEX": The 10,000-ton cruisers of the British County classes appear on p... ally every point, but on service they have proved splendid ships. Among their fea... than a good paper showing, is the ability to transport a battalio...

H.M.S. "EMERALD": The sister ships *Emerald* and *Enterp...* completed since the War which are essentially commerce ... ever, inferior to foreign ships of about the same size, carry... against the twelve of the American *Omaha*, the eight 6·1... or the six 8 in. of the Japanese *Kinu...*

H.M.S. "COMUS": The earliest division of the C class, and frequently counted as efficient cruisers although quite worn out and fit only for the scrap-heap to which they are now being sent. 3,750 tons, four 6-in. guns, speed 29 knots, which they have not touched for years. Now only considered suitable to act as flagships of destroyer flotillas

Apart from the four *Leanders* now definitely decided upon we only have the two ships of the *Emerald* type. 2,100 tons, with a speed of 32 knots and an armament of seven 6-in. guns. The United States have ten ships of 7,500 tons apiece, with a speed of 33¾ knots and twelve 6-in. guns each, while the Japanese have brought four ships of this size into the 8-in. gun category, and have backed them up by fourteen modern ships of 5,500 to 6,000 tons displacement, armed with seven 5·5-in. guns each.

We have the four ships of the *Hawkins* type at present, ships which were built for the special purpose of running down corsairs of the *Wolf* type, with a large

H.M.S. "CAPETOWN": The final development of the C class cruiser, with a displacement of 4,190 tons, a battery of five 6-inchers and a speed of 29 knots. Better sea-keeping qualities were obtained by the addition of the unsightly "trawler" bow, but ships of this type have not the ability to steam the great distances necessary for the protection of British commerce

be inferior to their foreign contemporaries on practic-
ery one of which is designed for hard service rather
oops at the highest speed with ease

e the only British cruisers
ctors. They are, how-
ly seven 6-in. guns
e French *Primauguet*

displacement and weak armament, but as they do not fit in with any of the categories discussed by the Powers we have agreed to scrap them, although they could be converted into something quite useful to the Navy.

It is in the small cruisers of the C and D classes that, counting noses, Britain appears to have such an impressive strength, twenty-four of the former and six of the latter, although some of the oldest units are already condemned and quite a number are beyond the strain of a few weeks of cruiser warfare, let alone years.

It must be remembered that all these were specially designed for work in conjunction with the Battle Squadrons in the North Sea, and are really quite unsuitable for service on the long-distance stations, although they have been so employed for lack of more suitable ships. The possession of this fleet, within the age limit, has proved a serious handicap to Britain in bargaining, and they have been assessed at far more than they are worth.

It was suggested at the beginning of the Conference that these ships should be treated on their real fighting qualities apart from the cruisers of the other Powers, and that confusion might be avoided by giving the type a separate name. The old term corvette might have been revived for that purpose, not an exact description but near enough. Unfortunately the suggestion was not carried into effect, otherwise very different figures might well have been agreed upon in London.

A sizeable cruiser is not a thing that can be built in a hurry. Even in the War, when everything in the shipbuilding world was keyed up to the highest pitch and everything was sacrificed to naval needs, it was a matter of two years between the ordering and the completion of even a small cruiser of the C or D class. On paper it generally looked less, for only the date of the actual laying down was mentioned, but before that a good deal of preliminary work was necessary—collection of material, etc.

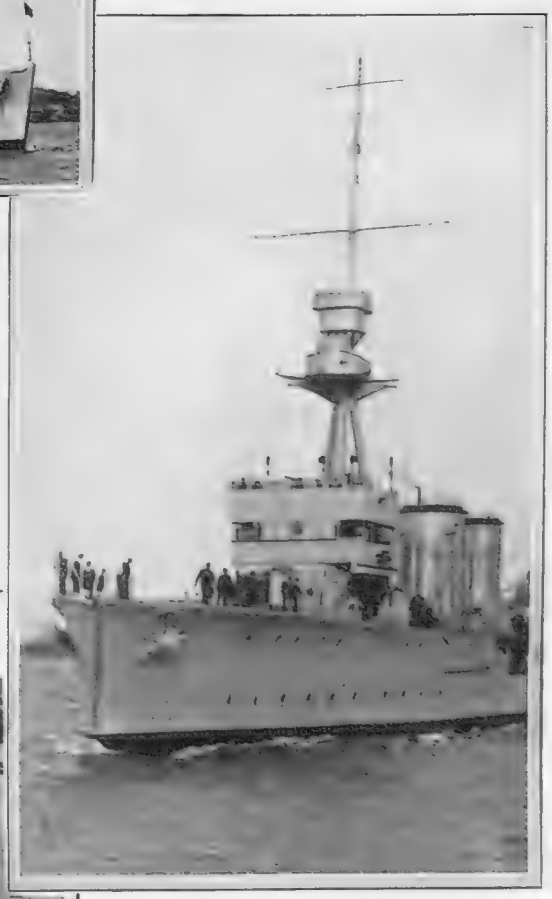
Nowadays it would probably take far longer. There is, unfortunately, plenty of shipyard labour available, but little of it is of the specialized kind necessary for efficient warship construction, while for political reasons the present Administration has permitted so few contracts to go to the private establishments which laid out huge sums on their warship machinery that it is probable that more than one will soon find it impossible to continue heavy overhead charges which bring in nothing, and will decide to cut losses.

In certain circles in the United States—not in naval ones be it noted—it has been suggested that Great Britain possesses so many first-class merchantships of good speed that the cruiser position is really materially in our favour, but Service opinion will not countenance that view. It is true that the blockade maintained by the Tenth Cruiser Squadron of armed liners was what brought Germany to her knees, but experience showed these ships to be so vulnerable to the fire of even the smallest gun that they cannot possibly be regarded as fighting ships. A single German cruiser could have sunk every one of them without difficulty; it was the naval superiority at Scapa Flow that prevented the attempt being made, and that superiority has now disappeared.

F. B.

H.M.S. "DIOMEDE": One of the units transferred to the New Zealand Navy after the War, she and her seven sisters are certainly an improvement on the best of the C class, with their displacement of about 4,750 and their extra 6-in. gun, but they are well over a thousand tons less than the minimum which the Navy regards as essential for long-distance trade protection

H.M.S. "HAWKINS": This vessel and her three sisters (the fourth was wrecked) were designed specially to run down German auxiliary raiders. Although their displacement is only 10,000 tons, they are much weaker than the 10,000-ton Washington cruisers



H.M.S. "CENTAUR": The intermediate C class cruiser, 3,750 tons, 29 knots, 4–6-in. guns. After nearly fourteen years' very hard wear she is beginning to feel her age even for the short-distance work for which she was designed, while for long-distance work she is useless

OLD STYLES and NEW.

Richard Le Gallienne and Alec Waugh—and Other New Books of Distinction Reviewed by

CECIL ROBERTS

The name of Richard Le Gallienne evokes memories of the Eighteen-Nineties. To those of us who never saw that period it seems a little extravagant—the erotic extravagance that emerges from the lines of Aubrey Beardsley. There are to-day two survivors, Max Beerbohm and Richard Le Gallienne. They both have long deserted England, and have become ghosts of the past. Max now lives in a delightful villa outside Rapallo. Its terrace, on which he has his study, overlooks the blue Mediterranean, with the high mountains behind. It always seems to me like the deck of a ship sailing south. To heighten this effect Max's study is built like a deck-house, and the essayist dresses the part with white trousers and blue reefer coat. Suddenly a bell tinkles; it is not eight bells, as one might suppose, it is the announcement by the Italian maid of lunch. One goes below deck, as it were, to the dining-room, which is close-shuttered against the glare of the noon. And there, if you are lucky, Max will expand into the Eighteen-Nineties again.

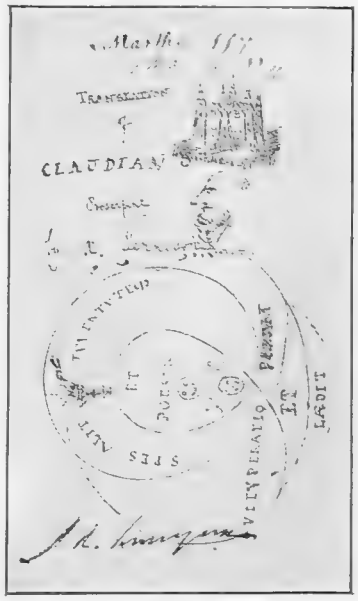
Like Max, Richard Le Gallienne has always been picturesque. In the height of his youth and beauty, when he descended, via the *Book Bills of Narcissus* and Liverpool, upon London, he created something of a sensation in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, with his mane of hair, his splendid eyes, and fine profile. Also, he had the gift of turning neat little poems and writing charming essays, and he flung these like bouquets at the feet of London's most beautiful women. That was the period of *Prose Fancies*, a little extravagant in sentiment perhaps, but as delightful as anything we have been given these last fifty years. Like Wilde, he has always been something of a lord of language, "miser of syllable and sound no less than Midas of his gold." Then, as though to close the Eighteen-Nineties, he fled to the United States in quest, not of the Golden Girl, but of the almighty dollar. The first book I ever reviewed was his, in the newspaper of his home town. It brought a delightful letter from him in Connecticut, and the style of it, in beauty of expression and sentiment, proved that the new world had taken away nothing of his old-world grace.

Now he is living in Paris, happily married, still handsome, and a figure in literary society. His two daughters have won fame, one as America's leading actress, the other as an editor, and here he is again with a new romance, *The Magic Seas* (Cayme Press. 7s. 6d.). Don't read it if you want a swift story. It is fanciful with all the poet's delight in a flowery phrase. It pays no attention to probability, it digresses whenever the Shelleyan fancy of its author finds a face, a rose, or a bottle of wine that draws his praise. It has a beauty of style that, these days, is like old lace kept in lavender, but it never ceases to be delightful reading.

Henry Dionysus Lancaster is as extravagant as his name. In the good days of Charles the Second, being pressed by debt, he turns temporary highwayman on the Surrey hills, and he joins Captain Thunder, whose ship sails out of the Thames in search of lost treasure and the Barbary Coast. Captain Thunder is a giant with a laugh that shakes London. The Duke of Buckingham, hearing it, takes him to the King at Whitehall, where his laughter shakes the Royal Court.

"Nor did the Captain's laughter stop with London, for it got into the newsletters, and that very night was carried by the mail coaches north, south, east, and west, till in a day or two the whole of England from John o' Groats to Land's End was enjoying its vicarious share in the merriment; and was laughing, too, over the story of how Captain Thunder had laughed before the King."

Much fighting, much loving, much laughter, that is the keynote of this delectable romance, and often in the midst of tense adventure I have been arrested by the beauty of phrase, the freshness of image. After the cocktail prose of the day his style is like an old vintage.



SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: The autograph manuscript of one folio of "The Devil and the Lady," by our greatest Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, which went, with other Tennysoniana, under the hammer on July 7

One is in a very different world with Alec Waugh's, *Sir, She Said* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.). It is the novel of the cocktail, the modern girl with her own flat, the restless wife, and flexible morals, with hedonism in every act and thought. There is no plot, it is just a loose chronicle of events in the rebellion of John Terance's family, and particularly of Julie and Melanie, his daughters. Yet I do not think Mr. Waugh has given us a better story than this. It has great vitality, a swift dialogue, most natural characterization, and it is as faithful a picture of the modern generation as I have yet encountered. There are no false conclusions, no straining for a moral in all this turmoil. Melanie singes her wings a little with Druce Mander, the man about town who, for all his sinister reputation, proves less of a bounder than the elegant Gavin Todd, the golf champion. The latter is a most excellent piece of characterization, and the whole history of an unofficial honeymoon with Jean at Deauville is a little gem of delicate observation and deft comment on the evanescence of passion. It is a light novel, but not one to be lightly regarded.

If this were a world where simple merit earned the reward of fame, Mr. Wallace B. Nichols would be known to us as one of the finest of living poets. It is some years since "The Song of Sharruk" fell into my hands, but the impression made by that masterpiece of epic poetry is still fresh in my mind. Since then he has added worthy creations to his list, and occasionally the poet has turned novelist. In *A Wonder for Wise Men* (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Nichols has turned to the historical novel for expression, and I find in it the same dramatic gift and power to compose a picture. The story opens dramatically enough with young Northiam raising the portcullis of his ruined inheritance at the summons of Richard Crookback, on his way to death in battle. The spirit of the fifteenth century, the wastage of internecine war, the misery of the countryside, the darker aspects of knighthood and chivalry, are all evoked with considerable skill, and the narrative itself is carried along at a splendid pace. If you like the historical novel, here it is with colour and passion, and always the sincerity and beauty of a true artist.

Panait Istrati has in his life all the ingredients that go to the making of a story-teller. His own story sounds much more exciting than any he has written. The son of a Greek smuggler and a Roumanian peasant woman, he has been a vagabond for twenty years, tramping all over the Near East. In 1921 he was a wandering photographer who snapped visitors on the Promenade des Anglaise at Nice, a venture that terminated in attempted suicide. His despairing letter addressed to Romain Rolland brought that distinguished writer to his aid. With his influence, Istrati's first book has been published.

Kyra, My Sister (H. Toulmin. 7s. 6d.), has a theme that many will find unpleasant, and the story comes into the pathological category. There is about it a Haroun-al-Raschid atmosphere, and it is the lack of literary style that constitutes the chief charm of this history of Stavro, kidnapped for his beauty as a boy, and consumed by a passion for his sister, who is spirited away to a harem. It is not a masterpiece, but it has the quality of crude life, and one is reminded of the tricks of the Arab story-tellers in the skill with which the reader is kept expectant until the very end.

Count Stenbock-Fermor has set forth in his book, *My Experiences as a Miner* (Putnam. 5s.), the results of his work asa miner in the Ruhr coalfields. The conditions in which the workers labour there, as drawn by the author, are nothing less than those of an inferno, and it is difficult to believe, in these days, that men can be made to endure such foul conditions of slavery. No less terrible is the history of the treatment by the French of the workers during the occupation of the Rhine.

Were not Count Stenbock-Fermor well-credited, I would refuse to believe many of the frightful statements of this book, but the author impresses one with his unimpassioned recital of the facts as he experienced them. One cannot wonder that these men, reduced to worse than the level of beasts, should provide rich soil for revolutionary doctrines. He tells his story with admirable restraint, but the effect is that the reader feels every piece of coal he puts on the fire is nothing but congealed blood.

We like to think our own mining conditions are better. From what I have seen of them they are. This book proves once again that any progress, to be permanent, must be international.

Sir Ian Malcolm has drawn a very sympathetic portrait of his chief in *Lord Balfour* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), but the book, in its lack of substance, is rather a disappointment. Generously spaced, with many blank leaves between short chapters, it is useless to search in these pages in the hope of touching flesh and blood. Passages of adulation, doubtless well merited, do not provide a portrait of the statesman, and the elusive quality for which A. J. B. was famed seems to have been inherited by the writer of this sketch. One wonders, too, if Sir Ian is always correct. I was told on good authority that Lord Balfour never intended going to the House of Lords, but when the King conferred the Garter on him, after his return from the Washington Conference, he discovered to his dismay that he was nothing but a Knight, albeit of the first Order of Knights. With no desire to become Sir Arthur, he thereupon became Lord Balfour. Sir Ian states that the Peerage and the Garter were bestowed upon him at the same time.

The author of this memoir alludes to his book as a modest work. One could wish it were not so modest and we had been given a little of the Balfour the world knows nothing of. He could, for instance, be as devastatingly rude as he was charming, and outside the ruling oligarchy into which he was born other people simply did not exist. That was one phase of him, and it should all go to the portrait of the man.

Collaboration between authors has always been a mystery to me. Sometimes, in that agony of barrenness which overtakes a novelist, kind friends have attempted to feed me with plots and ideas, but I have never found that anyone else's plot or idea had the slightest power to stir my imagination, however good it was. Thus I marvel at the successful partnership of Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Helen Simpson. They brought it off once in *Enter Sir John*, and here they come again with a lively mystery, *Printer's Devil* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). It opens well and ends well, with suspense maintained throughout. On the day that her star author, Marmion Poole, returns to England, Horrie Pedler, his publisher, is found dead at the foot of the staircase in her flat. Tragic in its elements, it is a delightful comedy, and the portraits of the preposterous Poole and the irrepressible Koko Fry, a publicity agent, will delight all Daneites.

briefly recommended

Chinese Art, by *William Cohn*. (The Studio. 10/6 net.)—A scholarly exposition of the subject by a participant in the organization of the great show held in Berlin last year. Architecture, bronzes, painting, sculpture, ceramics, jades, lacquer, and textiles are all treated of. The illustrations are illuminating and charming.

Machiavelli, by *Ettore Janni*. (Harrap. 12/6 net.)—To present the Counsellor of Tyrants as a friend of democracy, in the face of "The Prince," is something of a *tour-de-force*, but this picture of Florence at its zenith is no mere "stunt" book. It is a fine translation (by Marion Enthoven) of an Italian masterpiece, additionally interesting in view of Fascismo.

Hetty Green—a woman who loved money—by *Boyden Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore*. (Heinemann. 10/6 net.)—The penetrating and fascinating study of a woman who could make money and save money but could not spend it. The psychological history of the greatest financial genius of her sex. The exposition of a character that could break a bank and be broken by a drunken cook.

Stampede, by *Stella Court Treatt*. (Hutchinson. 7/6 net.)—A romance of life in the Sudan which forms the basis of the spectacular film. It is a volume of high adventure, stirringly written.

Sudan and Sand, by *Stella Court Treatt*. (Harrap. 15/- net.)—The creator of the film *Stampede*, whose story—also by Mrs. Treatt—is noticed above, was, with her husband, the first to journey by car from the Cape to Cairo. The volume deals with the making of *Stampede*. Adventure, observation, big game, characterization—all have their part in a fascinating volume.

The NEWEST SPORT.

Gliding in an Engineless 'Plane

ASSEMBLY: One great advantage of the glider is that it can be taken to pieces and packed in a comparatively small space

THE START: The glider in full flight. Note the starting rope by which the initial impetus is given

The art of gliding in an engineless aeroplane is growing in popularity, and the skill with which these machines are being handled is growing proportionately. From quite modest beginnings the modern glider has been able to keep in the air for over three hours, ascending currents only being used to maintain the aeroplane in flight. Distance traversed has also increased, and last year a flight of 62 miles was made in the Teutoburger-Wald. The movement has been taken up in Germany with great enthusiasm, and has spread to France and England. The take-off has to be made from a position of some height, then adroitly making use of the air currents in the atmosphere, the glider proceeds on his way. There is always something of a bump in landing, but this is nothing very serious

TOWING-UP: A tractor—or man power—is employed to get the glider up the sloping downland whence it must start

THE MOMENT OF IMPETUS: The start must be made from steeply-sloping downland, so that the first gravitational drop of the 'plane before picking up—or being picked up—by the lifting currents of the air has time to be nullified. The initial impetus is given by ropes. The maintenance is provided by the utilization of air currents. Kronfeld, a great German flier, has reached a height of 3,280 ft.

CANADA'S PECULIAR TROUBLE

FANATICS OF THE MID-WESTERN PLAIN: A group typical of the Tolstoian sect in Saskatchewan. They are "passive resisters," simple-lifers, vegetarians, incendiarists, and "non-marriagers." They are more trouble to Canada in respect of their "nudity"—a form of undress they assume as a protest—than sun-bathers to the inhabitants of Hendon. The women ride side-saddle

Part II

The DOUKHOBORS—The Nude Russian-born Fanatics of the Dominion

Last week the first instalment of this article appeared, telling the history of the foundation of the Doukhobors and the difficulties they have caused the Government of Canada. Below appears an exposition of their efforts to avert the influence of education

By P. W. LUCE

When the Government finally decreed that Doukhobor children must attend school the parents murmured. The leaders equivocated and dilly-dallied, but in the end pretended to agree.

Schools were built and teachers engaged. The opening day came. No children showed up!

Negotiations were resumed, and further promises of attendance extracted from the leaders, and for a time there was a meagre attendance. But progress was negligible, for as soon as a boy or girl began to show some familiarity with reading or writing he or she was withdrawn from school on some flimsy pretext until he had forgotten his little knowledge. A few bright, intelligent youngsters did attend regularly and made marked progress.

The teacher was delighted, until she discovered that these lads were being specially trained for future leaders of the community and were receiving daily admonitions at home off-setting much of what they were learning from a sociological viewpoint.

The matter dragged along for eight years. Then, in 1925, the Government determined to enforce the school law. The school attendance, which had once been up to 400, had dwindled down to thirty children!

The Doukhobors, caught in one of the religious waves that sweep over the community occasionally, declared that they were quite prepared to go to gaol but would not have their children taught English.

"We won't send you to gaol," retorted the Government. "We'll fine you."

"We have no money," was the answer. The individual Doukhobor never handles money. All he receives for his hard work is food, clothing, and shelter.

"We'll fine the community and seize your goods," announced the Government.

The simplicity of the Doukhobors is well illustrated by their answer to this threat. They decided that if there were no schools they could not be fined for not sending their children to school. It looked like good logic to them.

So one of the extreme fanatics, Sam Chernoff, was commissioned to burn up the schools.

Sam started his career of arson at Outlook but made a botch of the job. Miss Spence, the schoolteacher, succeeded in putting out the fire and had the incendiary arrested.

While awaiting trial Sam announced that he would go on a hunger strike, but desisted when told that nothing would please the authorities better. He was given three months in gaol, and the sentence was probably harder on the officials than on Sam, for the Doukhobor had to be isolated from other prisoners and fed on a special diet of fruit and nuts, thereby upsetting the regime of a prison kitchen that was not equipped to cater especially to vegetarian needs.

Two months after this first attempt the Outlook school was burned to the ground. Then the Krestora school went. Then the Glade school. Then the big school at Brilliant. Then the Drazey school. And so it continued for several months.

In all ten schools and their contents were destroyed.

Early in 1925 the late John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia, made a final appeal to the Doukhobors to obey the school law. This was ignored, and the provincial police were then ordered to seize goods sufficient to meet the payment of fines amounting to 4,000 dollars and costs levied against the community for failing to send children to school. The losses caused by the burning of the schools also had to be met

Inspector W. R. Dunwoody, accompanied by half-a-dozen mounted lieutenants, ten regular constables, and about a hundred "specials," thereupon descended on the Grand Forks headquarters of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, as the Doukhobors style themselves, and seized a miscellaneous lot of goods and chattels ranging all the way from motor vans to packages of trouser-buttons. Deliberately, so that the sting of the Government would be felt where it was most needed, he took possession of the office equipment of the community headquarters, for though the rank and file of the community are not permitted to own anything but the barest necessities, the leaders are sufficiently up to date to use typewriters, office files, accounting systems, and all the usual paraphernalia of a modern business office.

Contrary to expectations, there was no mass demonstration. Only one Doukhobor, George Zeboroff, tore off his coat and called on his fellows to strip.

A mounted officer promptly cracked a quirt over his shoulders.

"Put on your coat," he ordered.

Zeboroff hesitated for a moment, then obeyed.

There were too many policemen around just then, he reasoned.

At the auction sale that followed a few days later only 3,500 dollars was realized, and the balance of 500 dollars was assessed against the community.

The leaders of the colony claimed that goods worth over 20,000 dollars had been sacrificed to realize this paltry sum. They complained that if this continued they would soon be ruined.

"The remedy is in your own hands," they were told. "Send your children to school."

The seizures and sales continued intermittently until the Doukhobors capitulated—for a while.

A typical objection advanced against schools was that the teachers were of too flippant a type. They were accused of dressing in brilliant colours, wearing short skirts, bobbing their hair, and most terrible of all, setting an undesirable example to Doukhobor maidens by walking out until late in the evening with their gentlemen friends.

In the Doukhobor colonies everybody goes to bed at nine o'clock.

The British Columbia Government has frequently been referred to by Doukhobors as followers of Pontius Pilate, and even young Peter Veregin, the present leader of the colony, who is well educated and speaks English fluently, has considerable difficulty in differentiating between Satan and the British Columbia Government. In a long denunciation against taxes of any kind he said in a letter written early in 1929:

"We declare definitely that we have the full right to live on this land wherever we are. No Government should take away the property of the Sons of God. He sent us here to till this land, and we are fulfilling his wish.

"Therefore down with war, revolution, exploitation, egoism, ownership, and capitalism. Mother Earth should not be bought or sold, and no taxes should be paid on the altar of Satan. Your schoolhouses are hothouses where capitalists raise and train slaves to Satan, forcing seven-year-old children from their mothers and families, and losing their immortal souls by education."

The Doukhobors, being vegetarians, have a pretty low opinion of meat eaters. John Zebroffe put this somewhat crudely in a letter he sent to the Grand Forks School Board when he said:

"The Doukhobors have heard a lot of talk that they do not comply with English laws. This is absolutely true and O.K. For English people eat meat (paugh!), smoke (zheu!), chew tobacco (juicy!), drink alcohol spirits and beer (boozed), and go to war (what for?).

"The English law is based on these points, but we are fortunate we do not comply with these laws. All people who eat meat have a beastly instinct, the same as cats, dogs, wolves, and tigers."

The Doukhobors are typical Russian-Tartar peasants. Most of them are massively built, with broad, square shoulders and heavy limbs. Their dress is drab; heavy homespun coats and trousers, and shirts of coarse cotton. Beards and long hair are favoured.

The costumes of the women are shapeless and drab, though they sometimes permit themselves a splash of colour in brilliant shawl or headcoverings. The leaders of the community, however, affect modern dress in their dealings with outsiders.

THE ONLY FORM OF PROGRESS PERMITTED TO THE DOUKHOBOR: This takes the form of improved mechanical agricultural instruments. All other manifestations of modern civilization are tabu

A YEAR'S HOLOCAUST IN ROUMANIA.

An Oil Well Burns for Over Twelve Months and is Not Out Yet

HELL UPON EARTH: A scene on the oilfields of the Romana-Americana Company, Moreni, Roumania, where an oil well has been burning for over a year. The great derricks have been splintered to matchwood by the stupendous pressure of 200 atmospheres

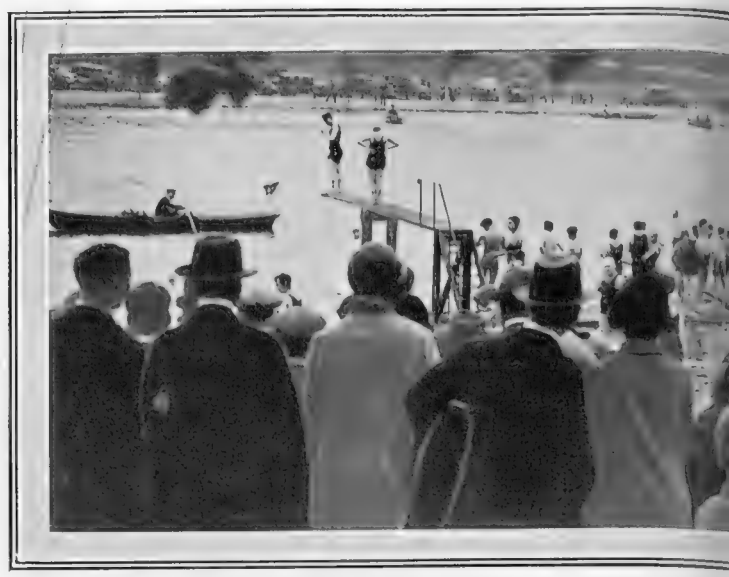
RAILPLANE MODE OF TRANSPORT TESTED OUT NEAR GLASGOW: The George Bennie railplane, a system of passenger cars suspended from a steel girder, which are self-propelled, streamlined, and driven by air-screws fore and aft, was tested out at Milngavie, near Glasgow. The new method of high-speed transport, on account of its cheapness of construction, is expected to prove an invaluable means of developing rural districts and relieving roads and industrial areas from their present congested condition

THE PLUME OF DEATH. The billowy smoke from a well which has been burning for over a year

For over a year an oil well of the Romana-Americana Company at Moreni, in Roumania, has been ablaze. For half a mile round the country is desolate and the inhabitants have fled. Only the engineers and workmen, employed in an unceasing but hitherto vain attempt to extinguish it, brave the intolerable heat. The intense gas pressure from the interior of the earth—estimated at 200 atmospheres—not only makes it impossible to extinguish the fire from above, but also involves a grave danger to the oil industry of the neighbourhood. The idea of extinguishing the fire by bombardment from artillery or from the air so as to close the mouth of the well had to be rejected as impracticable. It was decided to drive an oblique shaft into the opening of the well from the side so as to reduce the gas pressure at the mouth and make it possible to extinguish the fire from above. The men employed on the shaft had to work naked under a constant spray of water to survive the appalling heat. After a fortnight the shaft collapsed. A second attempt ended in a gas explosion which cost five lives. A third attempt met a like failure. Work is in progress now for a fourth attempt.

THE NEW HYDE

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Lansb



LANSBURY'S LIDO: This is now a regulation evening sight of the town. working youths who join the freer women folk. Council school children features of the national educational expenditure—also ba

THREEPENCE ENTRANCE TO A COCKNEY PARADISE: The queue at the gate to the Lansbury Pavilion and tent area. Bathing kit is carried in bag and parcel, though some folk wear theirs under their ordinary clothes

POLYCHROMATIC GAIETY: The kit of the women bathers is bright and carie green flash and bob in the water. Shoes are an essential for broken glass—sympt which we hope will pass now that the bathers are daily

ANTIBES IN LONDON! Despite the lack of rocky background, there are the same shore-tide pleasures in the new Hyde Park, where bathing is permitted from 6 a.m. till 8.30 p.m. except on Sundays

A FREE ENTERTAINMENT: Spectators watch the bathers from behind the rail off and is guarded at each end by a burly policem

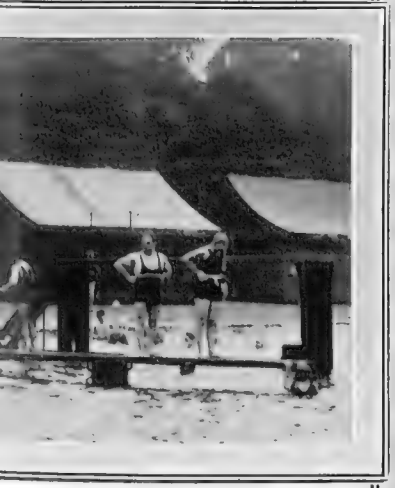
Hyde Park has ever been for the Labour Government a place of experiment. In their first term of office they inaugurated the plan of allowing taxi-cabs in the hitherto sacred purlieus while this incumbency has been notable for the further democratization of the aristocratic pleasaunce by the creation of Lansbury's Lido. Though deplored by the conservative, there is much to be said for giving to London such an open-air amusement park. The brilliant, sunny evenings of July have lent a golden colour to the scene

PARK : *The Labour Government's One Accomplished Result*

Lido on the Banks of the Serpentine

30 there is a great influx of City-e taught to swim—one of the wisest the Serpentine

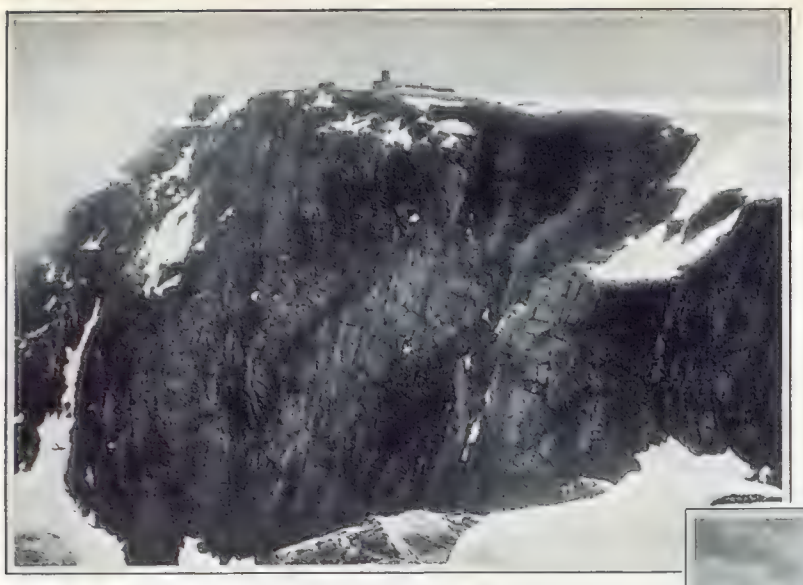
in hue. Caps of scarlet, blue, and a lack of care and consideration foreshore



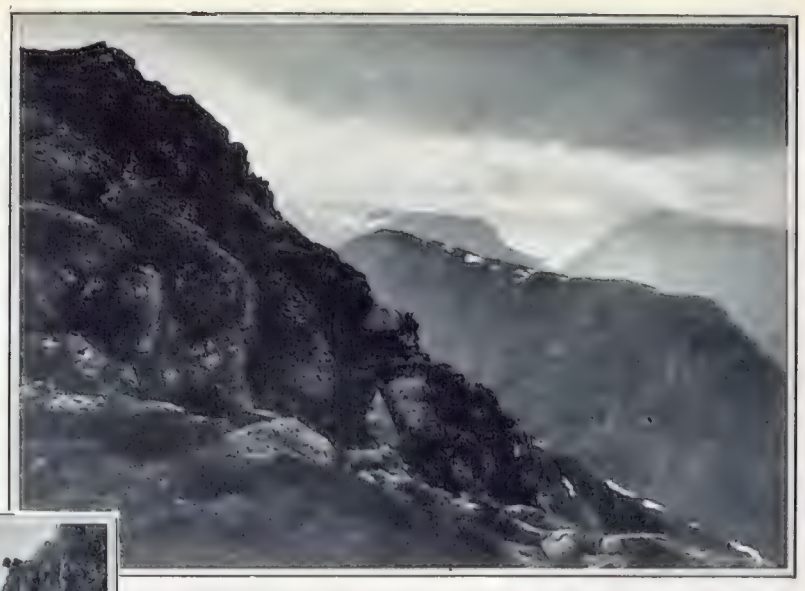
rtion of the foreshore is now fenced

and have conferred on it a brilliant exterior, knitting the moving swimmers and the tawny tents in a pleasing ensemble.

THE NEW HYDE PARK : Where once was a stately pleasaunce where one could take one's ease in an atmosphere of rustic serenity, to-day brass bands, splashing swimmers, hooting motorists, and crowds of spectators hold the field. In the mordant words of one commentator, "only a scenic railway and three 'barkers' are needed to make it a proper Coney Island!"



Midsummer on the summit of Ben Nevis



A stormy sunset over Glencoe

Skywards above Glencoe

SKYWARDS in GLENCOE and ON BEN NEVIS

—Amongst Scotland's Finest Climbs

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

(Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," "British Mountain Climbs," "Swiss Mountain Climbs," etc.)

Look out! Hold tight! The hurried words of warning were flung into the teeth of a sea-borne gale that at intervals threatened to tear us off the tiny holds which made human existence just possible on the vertical front of Buchaille Etive. It was the great 1,000-ft. knife-edge of rock of the Crowberry Ridge above Glencoe to which we clung in airy isolation. On either side deep gullies dipped downwards into black abysses. A sudden summer storm had arisen, and on the buttress on our right a big brown slab, as big as a lorry, had split away and crashed with a thunderous riot just past our level and into the depths below. We lay close against the crag fearing gale-flung flying fragments, but nothing reached us except the windy onslaught; the only victim was an old hat, the friend of many a lofty adventure. Ere long the calm came almost as suddenly as the gale and a rainbow flickered across the shadowy portals of Glencoe. Slowly and surely we mounted skywards, now wriggling up some thin, smooth crack over the abyss, now out on the edge of nothing, and finally clambering up the rounded front of the rise of the ridge until, on the tip of the Crowberry Tower, serious climbing ended. Thence from the summit some steep buttresses and gullies on the east gave an easier route of descent to the head of Glencoe, whence it was a short run down to the inn at Clachaig.

This is one of the very best centres for rock-climbing in Scotland, or even in Great Britain. Clachaig stands in the narrow seaward entrance to Glencoe, with magnificent mountains rising so steeply and closely on either hand that a climber almost steps out of bed on to the crags. On the left, looking up the Pass, the long ridge of Aonach Eagach, with its jagged, Coolin-like outline, cuts the skyline, whilst on the opposite side rise the majestic-looking bastions known as the "Three Sisters." Their long Gaelic names are fearsome-looking, but their attractive crags invite the climber to closer embrace. The sister nearest Clachaig, Aonach Dubh, has a remarkable rift in her breast known as Ossian's Cave. All sorts of curious legends are told of it, but the cragsman who reaches the huge recess will be inclined to disbelief. Few cards are placed in the box by visitors to Ossian's Cave.

There are several splendid courses on Buchaille Etive besides the famous Crowberry Ridge, but after that undoubtedly the finest well-known climb on the Glencoe peaks is the Church Door Buttress on Bedean ran Bian, the loftiest peak in Argyllshire. At the foot of the climb Collie's Pinnacle may first be scaled, and then a long, difficult crack gives the key to the unlocking of the "Church Door." The *mauvais pas* comes still higher up where a thrilling, rickety bridge of rocks has to be crossed overhanging the Great Gully. Across the bridge a really stiff, bottomless chimney has to be entered. At this point some say discretion is the better part of valour, and the completion of the ascent is postponed, probably indefinitely. The Eastern Buttress on Bedean ran Bian gives an easier route to the summit and is frequently climbed. The shapely, adjacent peak of Stob Coir ram Beith abounds in grand, firm rock of the Buchaille Etive kind, and its face above Glencoe has some interesting routes.

From the usual view points Ben Nevis looks big and bulky, but few tourists realize that on its northerly front it has undoubtedly the loftiest and most extensive precipice in Great Britain. Patches of snow hang in certain hollows all through the summer—one catches sight of them from the railway as one swings round by Spean Bridge, for from this angle the spectator gets a striking view of the cliff face of Ben Nevis. Fort William is the best centre, and the crags are reached up the huge hollow of Allt a' Mhuilinn on the northerly front of the Ben. The cliffs are fully two miles wide, in places over 2,000 ft. high, and the huge gullies and buttresses look more difficult than they are in reality. On the way up the Allt the crags of Carn Dearg are noticed, and the buttresses are favourite routes of no great difficulty.

The finest average route on Ben Nevis is the Tower Ridge, which rises almost in the middle of the central precipice and ends near the old observatory. The initial lofty pinnacle known as the Douglas Boulder can also be included in the route, but many prefer to reach the Tower Ridge from the westerly side of this lower part. Practically all the buttresses of Ben Nevis have been climbed, but the gullies are best of all in snow-time, which may even mean midsummer. The tremendous centre rift of the Observatory Gully usually ends in a widely-overhanging snow-cornice, and sometimes to gain the top a tunnel-like hole has to be cut through the icy mass. Whatever the season may be a full fortnight's mountain holiday could be spent on Ben Nevis and the adjacent crags of Carn Dearg. There are numerous new climbs yet to be made on Britain's highest mountain and also on the glorious peaks of Glencoe.

IN SCOTLAND'S Wildest FAR NORTH-WEST

—Britain's Grandest Motor Tour

For the motor wanderer who loves big distances and magnificent scenery as the reward Scotland is supreme; and the north-west Highlands are best of all. There, beyond the great open spaces, the Bens and the Glens are at their grandest; moreover there is also the added glory of the sea, perchance thundering against the giant cliffs, but more likely murmuring placidly amongst the green rocks of the lovely inland lochs. The coast road here is unique and, in the writer's opinion, there is no motor outing to compare with the run from Lochinvar to Loch Maree, both from a scenic and sporting point of view.

First of all Inverness is reached and thence we follow the great North Road towards John o' Groats as far as Bonar Bridge. The aggressive sign-posts on the heights above Alness, "Sheep—please spare them!" should be noticed and not forgotten during the tour. After crossing Dornoch Firth our way turns to the left, and if care is used to avoid Lavig, the road soon leads into the pretty Glen of Oykell. This natural gateway from coast to coast was the scene in earlier days of many a clash of the clans. Here as elsewhere old burial grounds and grassy mounds by the roadside are reminders of these episodes.

Then over lonesome moors towards the watershed we come to Altnagealgach, where east meets west. Beyond the watershed the road swerves to the right, but in front and seaward the westward gleam may be cut by razor-like Canisp and bulky Coul Mor whilst, most superb of all, the great dome of Suilven, the Sugar Loaf, springs unmistakably. This Highland Matterhorn is used as a guide by mariners on the storm-tossed seas of the outer isles—to land travellers it is a sign that Lochinvar is near at hand. On the way thither lonely Loch Assynt is passed and the well-known hotel at Inchnadamph has opportune accommodation. This is of importance because the fine Culag Hotel, formerly the palatial home of the Duke of Sutherland at Lochinvar has been burnt down, and for the present season there may not be room for all who come.

This Highland paradise is one in which to linger. The coast-line, with its great rocks and sandy bays, is entrancing, and a day's wandering northwards by the Drumbeg coast road to Kylesku Ferry, which affords the key to the farthest north, is a really impressive and thrilling experience. The more energetic may adventure the ascent of Suilven, which has one easy way up to its cone-like crest. Thence the vast grandeur of this remote region is revealed—there is scarcely a scene anywhere to compare with that over the sea which is mostly land and the land which is mostly water.

Then the motor run by the astonishing coast road to Loch Maree may be continued, and a full day should be needed. Along peaceful lochans, over and under the cliffs, past lovely clachans where the air is sweet-scented with the reek of the peat, and ever and anon glimpsing wonderful seaward prospects, we thread through the grim mountain barriers to Ullapool. Of the craggy sentinels that guard the way An Stac—or Stack Polly—is most aggressive, standing hugely pinnacle-crested, like a colossal porcupine, above the shores of Loch Baddagyle.

From Ullapool the tree-fringed shore-line is followed along Little Loch Broom and up past Measach Falls to Braemore, where over wild Strathbeg the weird Teallach peaks herald the approach to Dundonnell and seaward travel. Gruinard Bay, with its primitive crofter dwellings, is remembered by its sporting hill climb from the sandy bay to the crest of the high cliffs where the road wanders loftily onwards and over by Poolewe to Gairloch.

The Isle of Skye with its craggy Coolin rises across the Inner Sound, but the most striking scene of all hereabouts is the sudden revelation of Loch Maree and its great peaks from near Poolewe. The Loch Maree Hotel is prettily situated about midway up the famous loch, the finest in all Scotland.

At Loch Maree the road is of modern structure and width, and over Glen Dochertee to Achnasheen, by Lochs Culen and Garvel, it is an easy run back to civilization at Inverness. Yet much the finest finish of the outing is to turn to the right at Achnasheen and make for Strome Ferry, which is now modernized by a safe new boat and piers. The Kyle of Lochalsh is thus quickly gained and Skye appears close at hand across the "narrows," whether the easy crossing be made or not the return way will carry us to Dornie, where a new bridge is being built to replace the useful ferry. Every yard of the road abounds in interest and gorgeous scenes of mountain and loch. Up Glen Shiel we speed to the remote but comfortable Cluanie Inn where the Invermoriston Glen is left and a more or less new road followed over Tomdoun to Invergarry. Across the fine bridge over the garrulous Garry the main highway from Inverness to Fort William is followed. Freed from the narrow mountain ways, speed is now possible over the heights to Spean Bridge, with Ben Nevis looming supreme above man's most modern engineering handiwork.

"THE MORNING'S BAG," by James Hardy, Jr.: A typical Highland effort of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is now on view at Vicars Galleries of Old Bond Street

"MOUNTAINS NEAR ARISAIG," by Cecil A. Hunt: A distinguished landscape exhibited at the last Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours

THE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE SCOTLAND

The Lure of Loch, Lochan, and Fell

LOCH TAY FROM WEEM ROCK: The more smiling side of Scotland

"O Caledonia! Stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!" — SCOTT

THE "RED BUS" OF SCOTLAND: The crimson-funnelled McBrague steamer on Loch Linnhe

"Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer's queen"—SCOTT

IN THE SHADOW OF BEN NEVIS: A rock-strewn burn rushing valleywards after a heavy shower

"Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when Navies are stranded"—SCOTT

PEACEFUL HAVEN AND RUGGED GRANDEUR: Portree—one of the centres of Prince Charlie's Land

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad"—BURNS

The Capstan
"Flat-Fifty"
2/6

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

are Capital

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.295B.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

The most heinous crime an actor can commit is to be unintelligible. After this, there comes the felony of over-acting. Budding young actors should spend the first five years of their careers repeating these two sins preceded by the words *I must not*, with very short intervals for sleeping and meals. I would, however, remind them that there is such a thing as under-acting.

The first duty of an actor is to portray the rôle entrusted to him as the author and the producer visualize the character, but he must remember that the audience is not sitting in the room of the scene in which he is playing, but in the comparatively large space taken up by the auditorium. Therefore any tendency to under-act, even slightly, is accentuated, and however much he may feel that his rendering suits the part, not taking into account the great difference in size between the stage and the auditorium, and, therefore, not giving that part of the audience sitting at some distance from the stage a clear conception of his reactions to the incidents of the play, tends to make the people so unfortunately seated lose sympathy with him as a character.

I know that daring to criticize Sir Gerald du Maurier is like having the audacity to make remarks about the M.C.C. in the pavilion at Lord's, but his subdued rendering of the part of a successful barrister with a beautiful wife and home, who quite unaccountably has a sordid *liaison* with a shopgirl, does much to take away the interest in *Cynara* at the Playhouse.

The play is also too slow in developing. It takes over an hour and a half to portray the first meeting between the two principal characters, growing into an *affaire de la cœur*, during which time we are regaled by a probably true-to-life view of a Soho restaurant, and the opening ceremony of a suburban swimming-bath. The latter seems to be introduced as the authors feel there ought to be some comic relief, but the middle-aged lady and the "back-to-nature" fanatic who are entrusted with this onerous duty are about as funny as *Troilus and Cressida*.

The barrister's wife returns, and the shop-girl, feeling that she is being given up, commits suicide. The scene where the barrister is told the news by a police inspector in the presence of his wife and the shop-girl's best friend is excellent, and almost makes up for the dreary business preceding it, although Miss Gladys Cooper as the wife looked so gorgeous in a white satin evening-frock that for a moment one had to pause in following the action of the play to admire her.

A depressing coroner's inquest follows, and the husband is severely censored. He has to give up the Bar and goes abroad with his wife, who stands by him. In the final scene at Capri the wife, and incidentally the audience, have to listen to twenty minutes of platitudes by a foolish old gentleman who, by his machinations, was really responsible for the whole nasty affair.

As the shop-girl, Celia Johnson gave a sympathetic performance, whilst Miss Cooper was magnificent in a comparatively secondary rôle. She is one of the few important figures in the English theatre. I have seen her, I think, in every part she has played during the last few years, and I have never seen her deviate from her own very high standard. I wish she were as lucky in her choice of plays as she is brilliant as an actress.

There are two races of people in the world: those that do not like Ferenc Molnar's plays and those that do, or to put it more briefly, Britons and foreigners. The presentation of the best of his works, *The Swan*, at the St. James's Theatre will, I am afraid, not alter this dictum. It seemed merely a peg upon which to hang some very good acting. If there are still theatres in London with traditions, one can safely say that the acting in this play was up to the best St. James's Theatre tradition, and a cast of which Sir George Alexander would have been proud.

Unfortunately modern audiences expect a little more for their hard-earned money. They want to see an interesting story and amusing or thrilling situations. They will not find much of either of these in *The Swan*.

The story is unexciting and does not grip the imagination. A beautiful young princess uses the old device of jealousy to arouse the amorous interest of a royal cousin. The tool she employs is her brother's tutor, and of course he falls in love with her. When we feel it is only meet and proper that she should renounce her social ambitions and fall into the arms of this excellent and wise young man, she does nothing of the sort, but she allows him to steal out silently in the morning and sails off happily to breakfast on the arm of her royal suitor, which is very depressing for those few people left in the world with romantic ideas but probably much more sensible and satisfactory to the families involved.

Judging by the ladies' dresses, the action takes place just before the War and is a very mild caricature of the Court etiquette in vogue amongst the lesser royalties in Central Europe. In New York, where the play ran for a considerable time, this caused much merriment, but it hardly caused a flutter here, as we felt this was all rather as it should be.

Some smart Austro-Hungarian uniforms are worn which makes it difficult for one not to expect some pretty singing and dancing. In fact when the tutor appeared in fencing-kit carrying a rapier, I fully expected to see him lead a musical number assisted by a chorus of fencing-boys and girls *à la* the Gertrude Hoffman girls at the Hippodrome a few summers ago.

It is unfortunate that an obvious American adaptation was used which included such expressions as *ahead of time*. It is surely carrying the American semi-domination of our theatre a little far when English versions of Continental works are presented in London with an American flavour.

You Should See

"ON THE SPOT"	*Because* it will make you eager to pay the rates and taxes which permit you to enjoy living in the security of London instead of the dangerous exhilaration of Chicago
"COCHRAN'S REVUE"	*Because* it is as much a part of London life as the Changing of the Guard—and there are also those nice Russians
"BITTER-SWEET"	*Because* of the great artistry of Peggy Wood and the cleverness of Noel Coward in writing an attractive Viennese score and a romantic story complete with handsome but wicked Austrian officers
"THE MAN IN POSSESSION" / "THE FIRST MRS. FRASER" / "PETTICOAT INFLUENCE"	*Because* they are fine plays with fine players.

Now I return to the high-light of the evening—the acting.

Henrietta Watson, who should and did know her words, as she played the part of the Princess's mother for nearly two years in New York, was magnificent, and received a big round of applause on every exit, which she richly deserved. A perfect characterization.

It is difficult to conceive the mature and queenly young woman who portrayed the Princess as the same Edna Best who only a year or two ago lacerated our heart-strings as the pathetic schoolgirl of *The Constant Nymph*.

Herbert Marshall looked every inch a prince, and spoke his lines with fine effect; C. V. France was, of course, perfect as a monk, and Irene Vanbrugh was just Irene Vanbrugh, which is as much praise as is humanly possible to bestow on anybody.

I am afraid that managers will have to be careful how they cast Colin Clive. His recent work on both the stage and the screen have shown that he has great talent, but he never made the tutor *live* as a character. At times he was *vieux Théâtre*. When I saw Basil Rathbone's really beautiful performance in this part in New York his rendition earned so much sympathy from the audience that the entire balance of the play was different.

With this possible exception, there is no company in the world that could have played this comedy better than the brilliant cast on view at the St. James's Theatre.

Yet another foreign dramatist has invaded London Town, and in this case none other than Sacha Guitry; unfortunately in *Désiré*, which is being played at the New Theatre, he has given us one of his less-inspired works.

It is curious that in a French play the fact of two people living a life of open shame together appears much less wrong than if the play were English; also the lady having dreams which, the play being French, we suspect of being amorous, about her butler, does not seem as soul-shattering as if this extraordinary occurrence took place in the sacred purlieus of Portland Place.

However, contrary to everyone's hopes, nothing serious happens, and the butler resigns and takes his leave without as much as kissing the hem of his mistress's garment. When I tell you that the butler is Owen Nares, whom even a toupée makes little less handsome, you will understand the sigh of disappointment which arose from female lips at the fall of the curtain.

It is extraordinary how French comedies lose most of their sparkle in the translation. Not that Mr. Frith's adaptation was bad—on the contrary it was particularly good.

The play will while away a couple of hours pleasantly enough, but has not the stuff that long runs are made of.

The acting was uniformly good, Mr. Nares's butler being particularly well thought out. He must have gone to great pains to master the intricacies of this profession, as he *buttled* better than most professional butlers.

When will a kind management let us see Mr. Nares in a part which the public expect of him? Given the right play, he is still one of the biggest box-office draws in London.

A JAPANESE STAR SHINING IN LONDON: Tsutsui, a brilliant exponent of the hyper-conventionalized Thespian arts of Japan

Pictures by FOLLARD CROWTHER

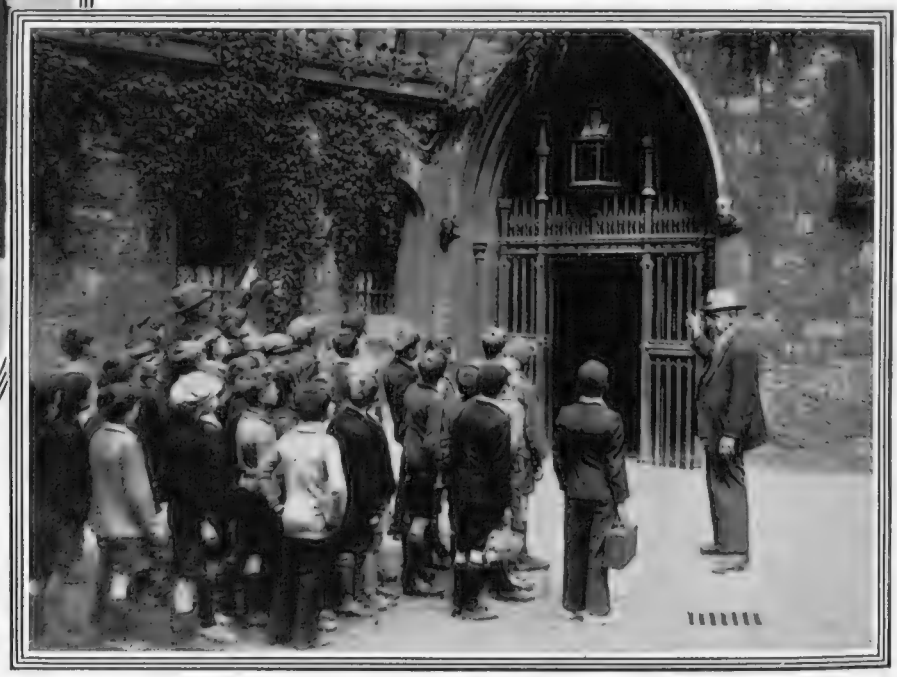
BRILLIANTLY VERSATILE ON THE ORIENTAL STAGE: Tsutsui is not only an actor but a gymnast and a dancer. He is seen above in Terpsichorean—and inevitably Ercles—vein

THE NEW TEACHING: *Gone the Stuffy Class-room : See the House of Commons ; Don't Read About It*

AWAITING THE WORD OF COMMAND : The new teaching lays an even heavier responsibility upon the instructors than the old, for the perils of traffic do not exist in a class-room. This group of girls has discarded the one-time satchel for the ubiquitous "tashy" case—one broken example of which is guarded by a cautious and protective finger

THE THRILL OF THE PRINCE OF CHIVALRY : The expressions evoked by Cœur de Lion almost transcend those inspired by Ramon Navarro !

THE BOYS OF THE YOUNG BRIGADE : An almost completely hatless group entramming to attend their peripatetic and alfresco history lesson



Special "Sphere" Pictures

MASTER : "This is the entrance to the cloisters, where the monks of the old Abbey of Westminster performed their tasks and read their breviaries"

On any morning of the first five days of the week one can nowadays see groups of some forty children disembarking from train, tram, or 'bus in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament and other notable sites of London. They are the outward expression of *the New Teaching*. Gone is the idea of sitting in a stuffy class-room in the heat of the summer. One no longer reads about the thing unseen—one troops off to Westminster, and before one's very eyes are the padded seats of our legislators or the cold stone tombs of former kings. And thus at about ten o'clock in the morning one can see a stream of bright little figures pouring off a big double-decker tram near Boadicea's Statue. "Hurry up, please," shouts the conductor, while the class-teacher counts "thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven," to see that all the little Alices and Ivys are safely on the island before they make a dash for safety and eventually find themselves within the gilded chambers of our legislative Houses. The boys come mostly unencumbered. The little girls, all neatly clad, frequently carry their own "tashy" case.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

LADY BRADFORD: The ardent friend of Disraeli

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT

Yesterday and To-day

Drawn by F. MATANIA

A POLITICAL "Crush": A great salon at Londonderry House just after the War

By ROSAMOND MILLER

During the last few weeks there has fluttered round Westminster a rumour that the Lords may soon admit Peeresses in their own right to sit in their august assembly.

Lord Astor has, in fact, put down a motion in favour of this course, and should it be carried we must expect to see the last vestige of petticoat influence in politics destroyed. In vain did Mrs. Pankhurst refuse good prison fare, in vain did young women fling themselves to death in front of racing horses; all that these sacrifices have obtained for the women of England en masse is the satisfaction of stampeding a general election as they did in 1929 and generally introducing an element of uncertainty into the humdrum stew of politics; but what have they not lost as individuals?

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE: A Whig of the Fox era

Compared with the modern woman and her devastating knowledge of birth-rate statistics and conditions of labour in Polynesia, the fluttering female of the nineteenth century, too feather-brained to comprehend the business of big, strong men, was a very princess of political intrigue. The chatelaines of the great Whig and Tory mansions sixty years ago exercised no mean influence on the course of politics, and they achieved their end in an underhand manner which would bring a blush to the already indignant countenances of our Socialist women M.P.'s whose ideal is, apparently, the negation of the natural.

Instead of meeting their male antagonists in the open competition of debate, they meanly attacked and captured the organizers of Empire when disarmed by frivolity. "Fans turned to falchions"—it was that acute and cynical observer, Byron, who coined the quip of the eighteenth and nineteenth-century parties—however, and the legislator was apt to find that while the pen might not be mightier than the sword, a smile was more deadly than a heckle.

A tired Victorian statesman coming on from Westminster to a dazzling reception, found in his lovely hostess a divine and sparkling contrast to the bearded and befuddled old gentlemen who had been heckling him but ten minutes since. She at least would listen to him without interruption, her cunning silences and sympathetic smiles seemed to conceal a deeper knowledge of affairs than were contained in the whole of his Cabinet. Gradually a profound peace stole over him—at last, at *last* he was understood. Then a few insidious words were slipped into the tired ear of State and the policy of Her Majesty's Government towards Bulgarian atrocities was irrevocably changed. Thinking of the velvet eyes of that young Greek at last night's ball, her ladyship pleaded with eloquence and success the cause of the claims of Greece to the Ionian Islands or secured a safe seat for a charming boy whose only fault was his obscurity and who last Sunday had shyly avowed his political ambitions.

MME ROLAND, who inaugurated the salon

Contrast this picture with the world of to-day. A Lady Cowper or a Duchess of Devonshire giving little individual twists to the policy of a brother, a lover, or someone else's husband is unthinkable. Even at election times, the canvassing women scattered smiles instead of tracts, and it is on record that one illustrious partisan who had upset a few Governments behind the potted palm trees of the conservatory went so far as to bribe with kisses those who were unwilling to Vote for her candidate, Charles James Fox. The modern female politician is regarded by her male colleague as a competitor to whom he is never allowed to be really rude and whom he has come to associate with the dreariest and stuffiest hours of debate rather than with the subsequent relaxations and amenities of society.

It is hardly *her* fault, poor dear. The sooty and pseudo-Gothic splendours of Westminster are scarcely calculated to enhance the charms of womanhood; the long hours and lack of ozone leave little femininity about her save a headache and a bad temper. If she attempts to dress becomingly the older members are apt to hint that she is indecorously garbed, and if she dresses serviceably they spitefully dub her a "dam intelligent woman."

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB, the Labour Party's "Salonnière"

No, it is quite clear that even if woman's place is not in the home it is at any rate not in the House of Commons. If she wishes to wield power—and who doesn't—she must retire in good order from St. Stephen's and imitate the sly tactics of her grandmother. She must learn to advance to the attack upon the commanding political heights under a barrage, not of logic, but of smiles, flatteries, champagne, and caviare.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson in a recent article has suggested that the elegant young debutantes instead of trailing their chiffons at Ascot should be trained to serve society as scientists or schoolmistresses. Let the mothers of to-day, however, if they have the women's cause sincerely at heart, bring up their daughters to be successful political hostesses.

This career needs an arduous preparation—almost as arduous as that of an ambassador! The perfection of tact, the manners of a courtier, the *savoir faire* of a social secretary, the *chic* of a mannequin, the guile of a sycophant, the ruthlessness of a profiteer, the sympathy of a courtesan, these are the elements of her trade. She must be *au fait* with every movement, on terms of intimacy with every scandal and yet, like Cæsar's wife, she herself must remain above suspicion. Above all she must know how to hold her tongue.

LADY LONDONDERRY: A Tory of the old school

Not for her the triumphs of relating the latest *mot*, the story of the Duchess's emeralds, or the amusing incident of the Rt. Hon. John Smith and the chorus girl. It is from John Smith's own lips she must hear the story, and then, not blackmail him—nothing so crude—but so use his gratitude for her silence and sympathetic understanding that she achieves the place or the policy on which she has set her heart.

In fine, it is by being a woman, and neither by being a second rate man nor a sexless hack, a peripatetic and animated blue book, that woman must seek her political power.

LADY BEAUCHAMP: A Liberal hostess of to-day

PARADISE REGAINED

To Scotland for the Glorious Twelfth

By

MARGARET BOVILL

Going North! Just two magical words. What do they imply? They mean freedom, a return to Nature, the joy of the sportsman and sportswoman soon to leave dust-swept pavements and feel the spring of the heather once more beneath their feet. A few days before the twelfth of August, and between the hours of 7 and 8 p.m., Euston Station loses its dreary monotony. The platform whence the Scottish Express will soon start is littered with gun-cases, fishing-rods, dogs, and crowded with lucky people who are going with them and will breakfast next morning far north of the Tweed. Sheer love of living pervades the cheery throng—for there is nothing in the world quite like the anticipation of "the Twelfth."

Most of them dined at Euston and their sleeping berths are ready. Many have books—there was never time to read before. The maids and the "gentlemen's gentlemen" looked equally pleased.

Clothes do not always suggest exactly the occasions on which they will be worn. But a glance inside those trunks and suit-cases would conjure up the scenes where tweeds and stout shoes, trim golfing suits perhaps and thick tweeds and waterproofs will play their part. On the opposite page some examples of the newest tweed models are shown which will be worn in Scotland this Season. Each have their special qualities to recommend them. One tweed costume is made with a shoulder seam which ensures freedom for the arms. Another has one of the latest trousered skirts into which one steps. It is an extremely practical design. The waterproof coat worn over a tweed costume is an essential part of one's shooting outfit. The hat is made of the same waterproof material. The hat shown at the lower left-hand corner, is one of a large selection of autumn felts which should meet with the approval of the smart woman.

One thing is quite apparent—even sporting suits have to be longer, reaching three or four inches below the knee at least. And the rather long coats are mostly belted at the natural waist-line, giving a most pleasing effect to the figure. For the moors and deer forests your tweeds must harmonize with the scenery. A dash of daring colour on a scarf or hat is as wrong as oysters in June. Shoes too must be absolutely waterproof, capable of soaking in bogs all day and keeping their owner's feet dry and warm. What is the hall-mark of perfection in shooting, fishing, and golfing garments? Perfect simplicity. A capacity to fulfil precisely the purpose for which they were created.

Fishing and shooting are pastimes which require timely preparation. Here an outfit for salmon fishing is shown together with a shooting-stick, cartridge-case of brown hide and waterproof lining, and a leather game bag. All come from Harrod's of Knightsbridge

The WORLD of WOMEN—(continued)

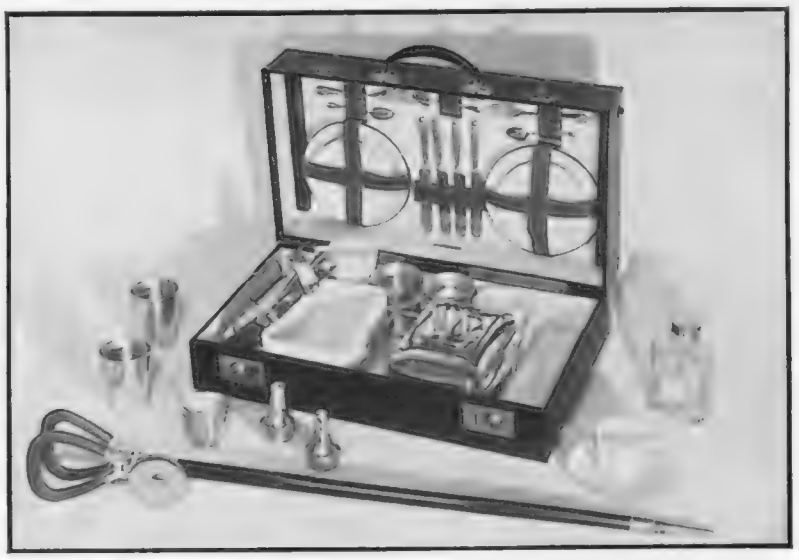
In the evening women may be as elaborately feminine as they please. The degree depends on the type of lodge they are in. Up in Sutherland or Inverness, for instance, one needs only simple dinner frocks. Nothing dazzling and gorgeous. But further south, and at the very big shooting lodges, a woman may carry her gun all day, dressed in clothes of Spartan severity—which demand perfect cut by the way—and in the evening emerge like a butterfly from a chrysalis. It all depends on circumstances.

That breakfast basket, carefully ordered beforehand at Euston, which is put into the train at Kingussie! No other food tastes like the first mouthful of fresh baps and delicious Scottish marmalade. The air is different, *everything* is different. The outside world has ceased to matter. But if you like to grumble you can always find the wherewithal. Those who go on by the Highland railway after changing at Inverness, can curse its slowness instead of admiring the scenery through which it crawls.

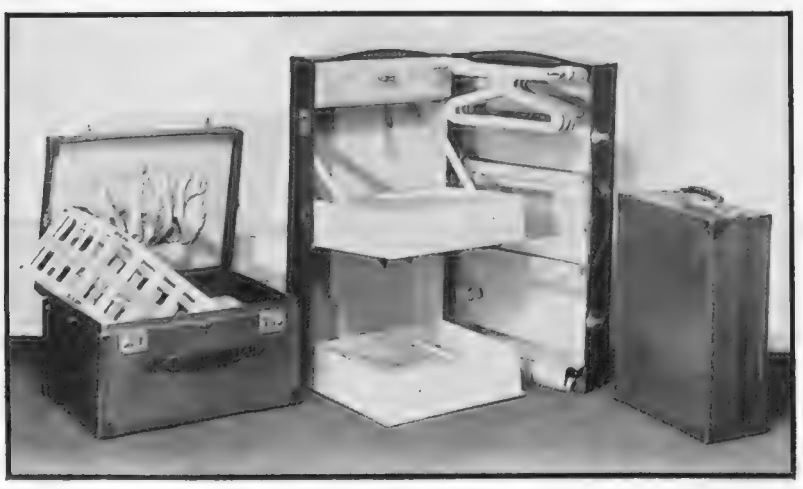
But at last the journey is over. By loch and sea, and by road, final stages lead one to some special lodge. A dinner whose *pièce de résistance* perhaps is Highland mutton, some talk and laughter, a game of bridge, and so to bed.

If the next day happens to be the eleventh it is somewhat feverish! Guns are unpacked and examined with loving care for the slightest flaw. Next morning's weather chances are debated, and "bird" gossip in general is exchanged. What Sandy the ghillie says. The sea-trout the keeper brought in for lunch.

By nine o'clock on the morning of the Twelfth the lodge is nearly empty. Whether walking with dogs—as they do in Sutherland—or shooting driven birds, the day has its particular thrills for each individual. And those who do not shoot, and only join the others at lunch, are free to kneel by the way by a clump of staghorn moss nestling in a sea of heather, and—pulling with care—break off a long strip. They can pause and enjoy, with nothing to distract them, the scent of the green sweet-smelling bog-myrtle.



For those who are motoring, a picnic outfit is essential. The one shown here and the shooting-stick are seen at Debenham and Freebody's of Welbeck Street



Especially suitable for travelling north is this set of light luggage comprising a hat-box, partitioned shoe-case, and a small wardrobe trunk. All are made of raw hide, a particularly practical covering, and come from Debenham and Freebody's of Welbeck Street

Ladies' golf or shooting shoes made from a stout waterproof leather are a special asset to the equipment. They are pliable and light, and all vital parts are hand-sewn. From Burberrys of Haymarket

The WORLD of WOMEN—(continued)

GOING NORTH?

If So, this is What You Need

The special feature of this tweed costume is that it has a trousered skirt which is so very practical for sports wear. It is carried out in a light tweed. From Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of Conduit Street

The model is wearing a proofed coat over a tweed costume and shirt blouse. The hat is of the same material as the coat. By Burberrys, Ltd., of Haymarket

A becoming autumn hat in rich red felt, from Henry Heath, Ltd., of Oxford Street

Pictures by PETER NORTH

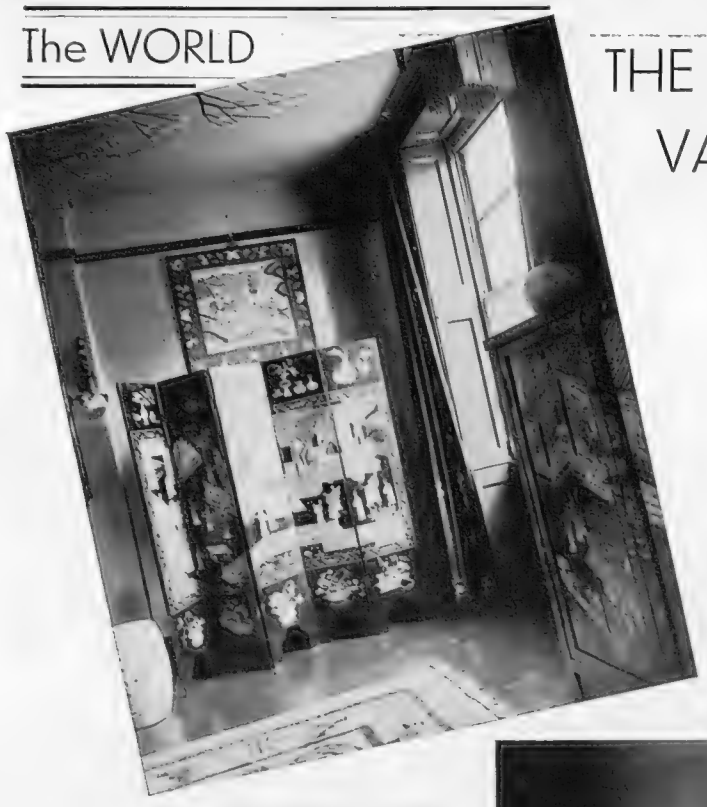
A costume of Harris tweed in a check design has a flared skirt and belted coat. A special shoulder-pleat has been placed at the back to give freedom to the wearer. From Kenneth Durward, Ltd., of Conduit Street

The WORLD of WOMEN

THE DECORATIVE VALUE of the SCREEN

—A Mobile Beauty in any Room

By KATHRINE MORRISON



AN ECONOMICAL EXTRAVAGANCE: This Chinese screen with its opulent colouring so completely fills one corner of a room that no other piece of furniture is required

EAST MEETS WEST: This screen in a drawing-room designed by Mr. Allan Walton is lovely in itself and provides a fine background for a French settee

SIMILARITY BREEDS HARMONY: Two screens, both having an identical old French design, provide a happy link between the two parts of this drawing-room decorated by Mr. Allan Walton

Nothing in the movable equipment of a room possesses more fascinating decorative possibilities than screens. Adaptable by the very nature of their construction, they lend themselves to any number of purposes and positions. They can be made to conform to any style or to any kind of a room. In their more ornate versions they stand on a footing of perfect equality with the most sumptuous period furniture. Simpler screens are equally at home in less pretentious interiors. Frequently they help to introduce an element of gaiety and charm into otherwise commonplace surroundings.

They offer the widest possible variety not only in types but in materials. Some of the eighteenth-century screens of embossed and painted leather are monumental in their proportions and magnificent as decorative units, quite in keeping with classic panelling and lofty ceilings. The same century produced the provocative screens of a luxury-loving French Court. These more fragile creations of intricate gilded carving, glass tops and brocaded panels, harmonized with the intimate atmosphere of Louis XV boudoirs or bedrooms.

Apparently artists cannot resist the temptation which the large surface of screen panels offers to their brush and imagination. Probably that is one reason for the perennial popularity of the painted screen. There can be no doubt about the charm of this particular type, whether it be the floral screen of our ancestors, a romantic landscape, or the modernist screen of fantastic figures in some strangely distorted setting.

The number of genuine antique hand-painted screens is naturally limited and of course their cost is high. But if you want a painted screen it is easy enough to have one made. There are plenty of talented young artists who will do such work for a very reasonable sum. Thus you can secure something which conforms in character to your special scheme of decoration, whether it be Jacobean, Queen Anne, Victorian, or any of the present-day fashions. Indeed some salient feature of your own decorations could be introduced into the design of the screen, thus giving it a personal note which would be lacking in a screen not made to order.

If you want something solid and sensible to ward off draughts, the best kind of screen is one made of wood panels. The modern use of plywood opens up many interesting possibilities. Large wood panels merely waxed and polished may be just the thing for certain positions, such as dining-rooms and draughty passages. But if something more ornamental is required, wooden screens may be obtained with decorative designs in inlaid wood. More luxurious still are wooden screens with open-work carving. What these lose in protection against draughts they gain in airy lightness and grace. For bedrooms and nurseries as well as for the more informal kind of living-rooms, screens made from fabrics are most appropriate. And if you happen to be of an inventive turn of mind you will find it a delightful occupation to try your hand at one of these simpler screens. Those fashioned of fabrics can easily be made at home. A good foundation for your amateur efforts would be the screen made of canvas or strong paper. On such a base you could build up something very attractive in fabrics or wall-papers, or you could even experiment with painted designs. Or on a foundation of plain material you could construct something very effective in *appliqué* work. If you didn't want to attempt anything original you could procure designs for *appliqué* work from books, or even adapt the pattern of some striking cretonne. Very interesting screens have been made from old maps and old prints. The home-made product opens up a wide field for invention and experiment.

The SPIRIT of the Old-time KITCHEN

—The Historic Heart of the Home

by G. B. HUGHES

There was a time when the daily life of the English household centred round the kitchen. Here, to the tune of the simmering kettle, the woman of the house spun and wove the material for garments, at the same time watching the baby cradled near-by. In a wooden settle beside the Cow fire-place the young girl received her first beau.

There was a charm about the simple life lived in these old-time kitchens with their stone-flagged floors and beamed ceilings blackened with age. Burnished copper utensils of all kinds adorned the walls. A spirit of rest and peace made the early English kitchen a boon to the tired man coming in from a day's work on the land.

Life in the early Dutch household also centred in the kitchen, but the spirit of industry and cleanliness often overruled that of comfort and peace. When we enter a Dutch kitchen we notice first the coloured tiles shining like glass, the brass and pewter gleaming like gold and silver. The general effect is cheerfulness, colour, and neatness. Everything is in its place, and the Dutch housewife is often known to have given her family a warmed-up meal rather than soil her tiled hearth. The Dutch kitchen is fitted with all the pots and pans dear to the heart of the housewife—cauldrons, churns, kettles, bellows, and spits are all there.

The enormous hooded fire-place of the spacious Spanish kitchen is the gathering place of the whole family during winter. Built-in cushion seats beneath the fire-place hood allow ample seating room. Although the walls of the Spanish kitchen are white-washed with lime, they are relieved by the use of colourful tiles in the chimney end of the room and by many patterned and brilliant pieces of Talavera pottery. Sometimes the kitchen is literally wainscoted with pots and pans or kitchen utensils.

Sitting in a tassel-backed chair before a huge Normandy fire-place, with one's back to the warm coals is a simple comfort fit for kings. *La maison* is an important room, for it serves all purposes of the peasant family. Every home in Normandy has three favourite pieces—the table, the sideboard, and the grandfather clock. But to me the hooded fire-place with its checked gingham ruffle, which is repeated at the small-paned windows, suggests the real spirit and atmosphere of the old-time Normandy kitchen. Simple, rustic, naively artistic, yet unlike other peasant kitchens, there is a certain chic in the characteristic old-time *maison* of Normandy.

In sunny Italy, where summer finds the family doorstep crowded, the kitchen again forms the scene of the life of the household, and in winter the fire-place, with its built-in seats is the centre of that scene. One always finds a colourful picture, peasant costumes and green and red strings of drying peppers and herbs. Cat, dog, chicken, and even goat join the Italian fire-side. A certain strength and robustness seem to exude in the atmosphere of such a scene.

The old-time kitchen is dead. Even peasants who live in the homes of their ancestors have lost the spirit of the kitchen. It has evolved from a family living-room, mellow with use, to a modern laboratory.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

IN THE HEART OF THE TROSSACHS: Loch Achray and Ben Venue, some of the loveliest of the always lovely Scottish scenery

SCOTLAND: Land of beauty and romance

By KEITH MORRIS

The "Come to Scotland" holiday movement, never so vigorous as it is to-day, owes its inception to Sir Walter Scott. No one, probably, was more surprised than the magic weaver of words by the flow of travellers from the south and elsewhere which started after the publication of *The Lady of the Lake* and has been flowing in increasing volume ever since.

The Wizard of the North first revealed to the outside world a land teeming with romance and scenic grandeur. True, the romance he depicted in poem and novel was largely the creation of his own luminous imagination, but the background was historic truth, his legends based on wild happenings in days of the long and misty past, and the beauty of mountain, glen, and loch was a living reality.

With the advent of Scott the Highlands came into their own as a "tourist resort" in modern parlance.

"THE LOVELIEST CITY IN EUROPE": The classic beauty of Edinburgh, a strong contender for that proud title

Lockhart, in the biography of his immortal father-in-law, tells us that after the appearance of *The Lady of the Lake* in May, 1810, "crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown, and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors." Such was the beginning of the Trossachs, and Scotland, as a yearly gathering-place of holiday-makers from two hemispheres.

A secret of Scotland is its intense individuality. "I knew I was in Scotland the moment I entered it without noticing I had crossed the border," said a dining companion from a tropical island to me a few evenings ago in giving impressions of her first visit to the land of her forefathers. This individuality is not only shown in the people, in the topography, but in an intangible "something" that permeates the whole atmosphere of the country and those of us who have re-entered its portal after living or travelling abroad are the first to realize this glamour of a unique land.

There are bigger, far bigger ranges of mountains than the Grampians, bigger lakes than Loch Lomond, vaster open spaces than the moors of the north, mightier rivers than the Clyde or the Tay, more glittering capitals than Edinburgh, yet in its combination of turbulent history, colourful traditions, and diversity of natural charms, Scotland has no peer.

Compactness and smallness give its beauty a concentration denied to bigger countries. "Fort William is a grand place for being in the middle of things," says Aunt Gilchrist in William Black's novel *In Far Lochaber*, and almost every Scottish city or town is a "Fort William" in this regard. The delights of the Firth of Clyde can be quickly reached from Glasgow, and the foot of Loch Lomond is almost an outer suburb of this populous industrial city. Forty miles from its heart lie the Trossachs, reached through classic Bannockburn and historic Stirling, thence by the route followed by the impetuous royal hunter in *The Lady of the Lake*. The scenes of the early life and songs of Scotland's national bard, Robert Burns, are only a short distance away by rail or motor, in the county of Ayr.

Edinburgh, in itself most alluring of capital cities, with its ancient rock-perched castle, and Holyrood Palace, and memories of Queen Mary, John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, and others whose names ring through the annals of the country, is a gateway to a region rich in history; it is also a convenient point for the central Highlands. Perth and Aberdeen give ready access to the Northern Highlands, and Oban, attractive as an Argyllshire holiday rendezvous, is a busy junction for the mountain regions of the West and the Islands:

THE LONE SENTINEL: A solitary fir on the road to Fort William. In the background are the Ardgour Hills

With such a wealth of attractions abroad, and rail, boat, and motor facilities for "getting about" now in such abundance, it is difficult to single out particular tours for the guidance of holiday-makers in a necessarily brief article of this nature. Both the London and North Eastern and the London, Scottish and Midland Railways issue comprehensive and detailed information and descriptive matter which is very useful to prospective visitors on pleasure bent. Personal circumstances and personal inclinations are naturally governing factors in the choice of "ways and means," and it is only needed here to refer to individual tours in a general manner.

The Trossachs, the Firth of Clyde, the Western Highlands and Islands, the Perthshire Highlands, and "Royal Deeside" are, perhaps, among the best-known holiday resorts in a country which is one continuous playground, north and south, east and west, and there are others, lesser known, it may be, but possessing their own especial charms. The north-western portion and border of the County of Angus, as an example, contains some of the finest and most spectacular scenery in the Scottish Highlands, as yet "unexploited."

The Trossachs circular tour, by combination of rail, motor, and steamer, from Edinburgh or Glasgow, runs through Stirling and Aberfoyle or Callander, to the narrow defile of the Trossachs proper, near the entrance to which FitzJames lost his "gallant grey," a verdure-clad dell—

> "Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid,"

thence to Loch Katrine and back by the waters of Loch Lomond and the "bonnie, bonnie banks" immortalized in song. This is the region of *The Lady of the Lake*, and apart from the glamour of its association with Sir Walter Scott, is one of characteristic Highland setting. The whole tour can be made in a day.

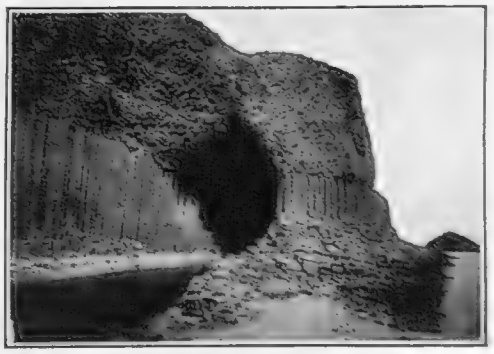
The art of melody has spread far the fame of Loch Lomond, but its own beauty makes it the queen of Scottish lakes with Ben Lomond as a massive crown.

The Clyde presents another gateway to beauty, entrancing in its variety of loch and mountain scenery and island-studded waters. Day tours or more extended journeys are available as fancy dictates with a variety of routes and a wide splendour of hill-clad shores and delightful waterways offered for selection. The islands and spacious waters of the firth, and coastal lochs stretching far inland, banked on either side by peaks, with vistas of turreted mansions and cottage homes to relieve the wildness of nature, combine in making a delectable picture for the exhilaration and enlightenment of visitors from less-favoured lands. Loch Long, Loch Goil, the Holy Loch, the Kyles of Bute, and the Island of Arran are among the many attractions of the Clyde water route, on which connections can also be made with Loch Lomond and other inland beauty spots.

Oban is an animated rendezvous for tourists in the Western Highlands, and a sailing centre for Staffa, Iona, Skye, and the Hebrides in general, and is well served by the railways. From here an impressive sail along Loch Linnhe to Fort William, at the foot of Ben Nevis, monarch of British mountains, and back, is made in a day, with landing-places for Glencoe, of tragic memory, and other points of interest.

Aberdeenshire is proud of its "Royal Deeside," Scottish home of Queen Victoria and her successors on the British throne, and the Balmoral season is a magnet of ever-increasing power, drawing visitors of varying distinction to a district which depends not alone on regal approval for its recreational amenities.

But Scotland is not all Highland. The "Lowlands," many parts of which would be called highlands in more level countries, have their own spell, which the Scots themselves realize with keenness and appreciation. Edinburgh, Scott's "own romantic town," is a Lowland city, and the real "Scott country" is the Scottish border, where he made his home. The much visited "Burns country," too, is south of the somewhat vague "Highland line," and the exploits of Bruce and Wallace had little to do with the inmost recesses of the Gael. The charms of the Lowlands are naturally of a quieter nature than those of the mountainous districts, but they have their own peculiar appeal, and in age-long memories, richness of tradition, literary and historical, and delightful scenery, rank among the highest.



A PLACE OF HISTORY AND LEGEND: Fingal's Cave, Staffa, unique among the Hebridean Islands

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ART in Two WORLDS

"The Sphere" Surveys the Galleries of Europe and America

"The Bagpiper," by Jakob Jordaens (1593-1678): *A study that has in it something of the vigour and gaiety of Franz Hals. It is in the Paul Viktor Collection and will be shortly exhibited in the Flemish Exhibition to be held in Vienna*

"Mrs. George Hartwell," by George Harlow: *A fine portrait to be seen at the Leger Gallery, Old Bond Street. Harlow may well come into his own now that the Gainsboroughs, Reynolds, Romneys, and Raeburns are so much at a premium.* *(See note on p. 92)*

BY THE MASTER OF LIGHT AND SHADE: A superb impression of the celebrated Hundred Guilder print now on view in the Exhibition of Rembrandt Etchings at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. *(See note on p. 92)*

AMERICA BOUND: "Salvator Mundi," a Botticelli lost for centuries and rediscovered but a year ago in the collection of Prince Massimo in Rome, has been bought from Agnew by the Fogg Art Museum of Cambridge, Mass.—the town of Harvard University

The Raphael portrait of *The Parmesan*, Native of Parma, has been acquired by an anonymous American collector and has been lent to the Art Institute of Chicago, where it is now on exhibition. The painting was purchased from Messrs. Silberman of New York. Many noted critics vouch for the authenticity of the work

"The Parmesan," by Raphael: *A fine painting on a panel of wood ascribed to Raphael in the period 1508–9*

"Thrillers" by Abdulla

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He drugs her soul with perfidious kisses,
And her emerald necklace is soon replaced,
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Stares goggle-eyed at his Rival's crime—
He offers the 'prince' a 'doctored' gasper
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With the gems removed from Carrara's pocket
Ere lackeys cast him outside the door!

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PICTURED ON GLASS: "The Butcher's Wife Dressing for the Pantheon" at Loewenthal's Gallery, St. James's Street

"THE LADY IN WAITING," by J. R. Smith, pictured on glass, on view at Loewenthal's

"SPRING" after Rosalba—one of a set of The Seasons, at Loewenthal's

"MRS. CREWE," by T. Watson, after Reynolds, the largest circular glass picture known

"AUTUMN"—one of the set of The Seasons which forms a great attraction at Loewenthal's Gallery, St. James's Street

The KALEIDOSCOPE of ART in LONDON.

A Day in the Life of a Critic and Connoisseur

By R. H. WILENSKI

I try sometimes to imagine what it would feel like to visit only one art gallery a day in the London Season. I never try to imagine what it would feel like to visit only one gallery a week at this time of year because that would be to conjure up a state of things so remote from my habits that it would lead me to realms of pure fantasy. I shall not say that I wonder what people who do not spend their days in art galleries actually do with their time, because I am not a bright young man of the 'nineties, and the days are long past when to say that sort of thing was considered dashing and smart; but I must say that I wonder what those who pay only an occasional visit to an art gallery actually think when they look at the pictures, or the sculpture, or whatever it may be.

There is one pleasure at any rate that these casual visitors quite certainly miss—and that is the pleasure of comparing and contrasting the courses that make up an art critic's daily fare.

This morning, for example, I examined a collection of antique Persian rugs; a collection of old paintings, including an interesting subject picture by Van Dyck; a collection of nineteenth-century French paintings by Renoir, Cézanne, Toulouse Lautrec, and so forth; an exhibition of modern English paintings by Sickert, Augustus John, Paul Nash, Matthew Smith, and others; a collection of eighteenth-century transfer pictures on glass; and a "one-man" show by Evan Walters at the Brandon Davis Gallery, which is now to be principally devoted to exhibitions of English work. I also spent an hour with the animal sculptor, Herbert Heseltine, who told me all about Ashwani Kumar, H.H. the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanager's (i.e. "Ranji's") famous horse. I made an early start and was a good bit late for luncheon, but even so I had to postpone a visit to the show of pictures by the Spanish painter Anglada-Camarasa, at the Leicester Galleries, which was down on the schedule.

I was sorry to miss Anglada-Camarasa this morning because the bright colours of his pictures would have looked their best on a day illumined by a sunshine that was almost Mediterranean in its brilliance. But the things I saw were perhaps enough for a single midsummer's morn.

The Persian rugs were at 25, Grosvenor Street, where they are on exhibition till July 15. They include some pieces known to all students, and some which may be seen at the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House next year. The most striking of all, a sixteenth-century Ispahan animal rug, is familiar from the illustration in Dr. Martin's book. It has a recurring *motif* of lions attacking deer, and each of the conventionalized lions is of a different colour and shape. The lions are disposed in a design of trees, flowers, and birds, the whole an amazing formalization of a forest scene.

The Van Dyck is at the Leger Gallery, which has recently migrated from Duke Street to Bond Street. It is "Ulysses recognizing Achilles among Lycomedes's Daughters." It comes from the Hartveld Collection in Antwerp, and will end up, I suppose, in some museum. On the other hand the picture next to it in this gallery—a portrait of Mrs. Hartwell by George Harlow—will surely end up on some American collector's walls. For now that pedigree works by Reynolds and Gainsborough are becoming almost unobtainable, even by American millionaires, transatlantic collectors are beginning to see the attractions of the school which immediately followed—Lawrence, Harlow, and so forth. This portrait, which comes from the Hartwell family, is really an excellent example of English portraiture. I like it better than a great many Raeburns and most Romneys. Harlow, it will be recalled, was a pupil of Lawrence. He went to Rome and copied Raphael's "Transfiguration" more rapidly than it had ever been copied before. His group of three heads, called "The Proposal," from Mr. C. Leicester Warren's collection was sold at Christie's three years ago for 2,000 guineas.

The French paintings are at the Reid and Lefevre Gallery, and as they include not only works by the nineteenth-century masters but also some examples of Braque and Matisse, I found the gallery full of artists and amateurs of modern art. The group of paintings by Renoir in this show is most instructive. The earliest is the very famous picture, "L'Enfant a l'arrosoir," painted in 1876, when the artist was thirty-five and purely an Impressionist. To me it is much the most attractive picture in the room. It is pure Renoir, exquisite in colour, and nervous in touch; and the *gaucherie* of the child is irresistible.

Four years after this picture was painted Renoir went to Rome and Naples and fell in love with Raphael and the paintings at Pompeii. When he returned he was obsessed by this Italian visit. He damped down his Impressionist touch that we see in "L'Enfant a l'arrosoir" and concentrated on fine drawing. The pictures "Madame Renoir allaitant son enfant," painted in 1886, and "La Femme à l'éventail," in this exhibition, are examples of this period. About 1890 he began to work on Post-Impressionist principles—to concentrate, that is, on abstract monumental form. The "Femme nue à sa toilette" in this show is a fine example of this style. His latest manner, which is completely Post-Impressionist and I think his finest manner, though many people dislike its uniformly "hot" colour, is not here represented. The Matisse in this exhibition is a brilliant seascape. Of the four Cézannes the two most attractive—a bathing piece and a decorative still-life—are in the first-floor gallery and should not be missed for the labour of climbing a few stairs. In this upstairs gallery there is also a study by Seurat for "La Grande Jatte."

"L'ENFANT A L'ARROSOIR": This fine and purely Impressionist Renoir, 1876, is now on view at the Reid and Lefevre Gallery

"PORTRAIT D'HOMME": Paul Cezanne is represented also at the Reid and Lefevre Gallery by a seascape and a fine still-life

There are two exhibitions of glass paintings in London at the moment. One is at Messrs. Gill and Reigate's in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, where there are Chinese glass paintings and English glass transfer paintings from the collections of Sir Arthur du Cros, Sir Robert Hadfield, Mr. S. Winkworth, and Mr. L. Loewenthal. The other is at Mr. Loewenthal's own gallery in St. James's Street, which is, as it were, the spiritual home of English glass pictures, as Mr. Loewenthal has been collecting them all over England for a great many years.

English glass pictures are of course really prints transferred to glass and then painted on the back with oil colours. The process of transference was delicate and difficult, as all the best glass pictures were transferred to thin crown glass which is extremely brittle. The print was struck to the glass by some transparent adhesive insoluble in water and the paper was then soaked away leaving the design on the glass to be painted.

In the matter of glass transfer pictures I have a vulgar taste. I like best the most popular examples where the pictures transferred were very simple in design showing homely subjects designed for cottages. But collectors prefer examples where mezzotints after leading artists have been used as the basis. A favourite, for instance, is the glass painting of J. R. Smith's mezzotint of "Anne Brown as Clara in 'The Duenna,'" after the picture by the Rev. Mathew W. Peters. The nearest approach to a popular glass picture in Mr. Loewenthal's collection is the one called "The Butcher's Wife dressing for the Pantheon"—a spirited representation of a fat lady surveying her finery in a mirror before she enters the chair that will take her to the masquerade at the Oxford Street rendezvous—perhaps the famous masquerade

(*Continued on p. 92*)

HOPPNER LEAPS IN PRICE

In the Sale Rooms of London—Yesterday and To-day

JAMES LAVER

tells of the Recent Course of Things in the Sale Rooms and of the Good Things to Come

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT BUST IN PORPHYRY: Agrippina the Elder, only slightly restored. Sold at Sotheby's

The sale of the Hoppner Papendiek portrait comes as a welcome note in a season which has not been remarkable for sale-room thrills. There has been nothing to compare with the excitement of 1926, for instance, when Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie" brought the astounding figure of 74,000 guineas, and Romney's "Mrs. Davenport" 58,000 guineas. It is true that such sums are not offered for pictures very often. The nearest approach was when "The Beckford Children," also by Romney, brought 52,000 guineas in 1919. All these pictures were bought by Messrs. Duveen, and it is sometimes suggested that the bold bidding of that redoubtable firm has been largely responsible for bringing prices to their present (or recent) level. Yet at the second Holford sale in 1928, when the Duveens were not bidding, four Rembrandts realized 148,000 guineas.

The year 1929 was a very curious one. The bidding started bravely, and sales were notable for the increase in price of work by such artists as Fantin-Latour; sound artists, but not quite in the first class. The year was also remarkable for the rise of Zoffany, whose delightful "conversation pieces" are only just beginning to receive the recognition due to them; and of Morland, who has always been popular, but not to the tune of 8,800 guineas, which was the sum paid for his "Dancing Dogs" in the Walter Burns sale.

When extremely high prices are realized for works of art they are almost always due to American intervention in the sale-room. The disturbances which shook the New York stock market had an immediate effect, not only in frightening off possible purchasers but in deciding the owners of fine things to save them for a more promising occasion. There is no doubt that the first part of this year was affected by the same influences, but there were, none the less, some very interesting sales.

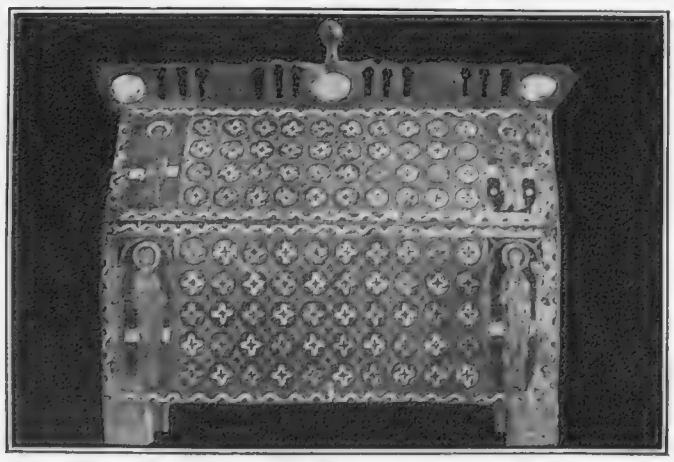
One of the results of American competition is that the very well-known masters are now prizes for multi-millionaires only. Regrettable as this may be, and difficult as it makes it to keep art treasures in the country, it has one good effect, for it leads to a revival of interest in artists not so well known. The sensation of this year occurred on Friday, June 27, at Christie's, when John Hoppner's "Portrait of Miss Charlotte Augusta Papendiek when a child" was knocked down for £14,500.

A RECORD-BREAKER: An exquisite Hoppner which fetched the record price of £14,500 at Christie's a few days ago

The picture is certainly a very charming one, and was painted in 1788 when Miss Papendiek was not quite five years old. It is something of a feat to have your portrait painted before the French Revolution and to live, as the subject of this picture did, until the eve of the Crimean War. Hoppner's prices have advanced steadily for some years, but this was a startling leap forward. Even last year only two pictures realized higher figures—Van Dyck's portrait of Jacques Le Roy in the Brownlow sale, which brought 17,000 guineas, and Rembrandt's "Warrior," which reached 15,600.

The little girl who caused such a rise in the price of Hoppners wears a blue sash and a fetching lace bonnet. She was purchased by the late Dr. Breitmeyer for about £3,000

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN, BY AMBROSIUS BENSON: A fine piece of work sold yesterday (Friday) at Christie's



A FINE "CHASSE": This shrine has on the front a scene, probably the murder of Becket. The reverse (seen above) has four figures of saints on a diaped pattern of quatrefoils in medallions. To be sold at Sotheby's next Thursday

The medieval enamelled shrines on view next week at Christie's are traditionally associated with the Abbeys of Malmesbury and Croyland, and are some of the finest remaining in private hands

Most people have grown so accustomed to hearing of the high prices commanded by Rembrandts that their sale no longer causes so much excitement. But when these high prices continue year after year one cannot help regretting, from time to time, that a fraction of the sum expended on his works to-day could not have reached him in his lifetime and cheered his very poverty-stricken old age.

Yet another Rembrandt will come into the market on July 18, which is the date chosen for the disposal at Christie's of the Scarsdale-Curzon pictures. This sale should prove particularly interesting, for besides the Rembrandt there is Claude's "Tower on the Tiber," Raeburn's "Mrs. Blair," Hoppner's "Lady Waldegrave," Gainsborough's "Lady Impey," and no less than three works by Reynolds. The present interest in Hoppner, especially as shown by the price paid for "Miss Papendiek," should lead to some sensational bidding for the "Lady Waldegrave."

Yet another important sale is announced for July 11, including some of the pictures of the Rt. Hon. Lord North, Sir John Ramsden, and others. Sir John Ramsden's collection includes two Fra Angelicas, an Altdorfer, and an interesting panel, "Portrait of a Gentleman" (early 16th century), by the little-known painter Ambrosius Benson. In the same collection is an exquisite painting by Hans Wertinger, showing Anne of Cleves in an elaborate dress and holding some carnations in her right hand. This should be compared with the Holbein miniature in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Although paintings bring the highest prices, etchings often realize very considerable sums. Impressions of Rembrandt's famous etching, "Christ Healing the Sick," better known as "The Hundred Guilder Plate," often come into the market, but most of them are of poor quality. A worn impression of the second state has been known to bring as little as 55s., while a good impression has brought as much as £1,290. Of the first state only eight impressions are known, and a single one of these has sold for £1,750. A brilliant impression of this etching is at the moment in the hands of the Fine Art Society.

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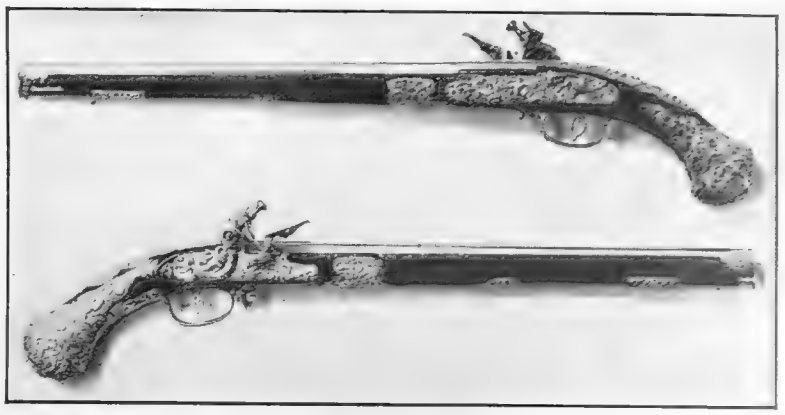

SALE—JULY 29th.
A pair of finely decorated Brescian Pistols by the Cominazzo Family.

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(Immediately after the sale of the Shrines)

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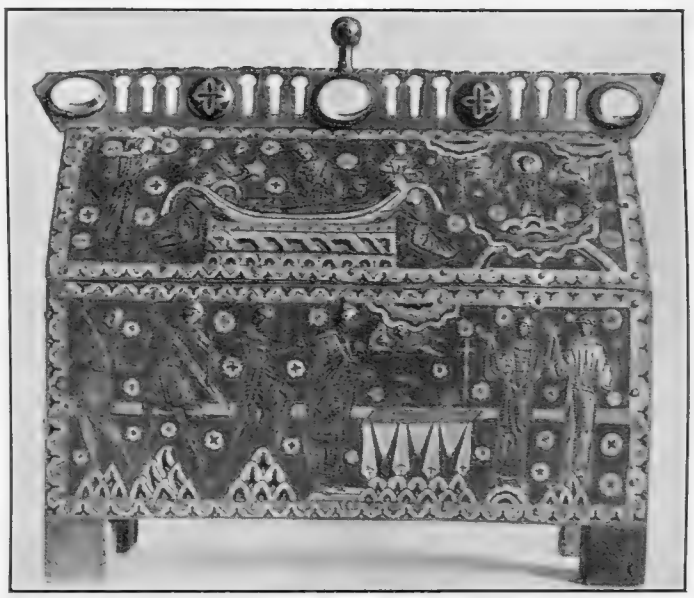

SALE—JULY 17th.
A superb Limoges Enamel Shrine of the XIIIth Century, showing the Murder of Thomas à Becket, traditionally connected with Croyland Abbey.

JULY 24th.

(Immediately after the sale of early printed books.)

The MANUSCRIPTS and remaining LIBRARY of JOHN RUSKIN, removed from his residence, Brantwood, Coniston, and sold with the consent of Arthur Severn, Esq., including Kate Greenaway Almanacks and Drawings, some inscribed to Ruskin.
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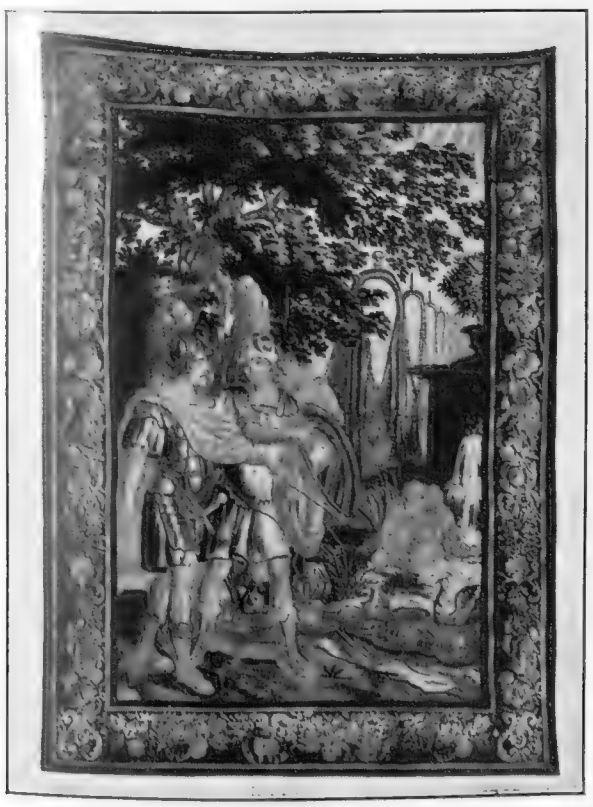

SALE—JULY 18th.
One of a set of five Flemish XVIIth Century Tapestry Panels, depicting "Rinaldo and Armida."

JULY 18th.

Valuable WORKS OF ART; NEEDLEWORK; TEXTILES; CARPETS and RUGS; also Fine EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE: important FLEMISH TAPESTRIES, etc.: comprising the property of the late JAMES H. ISMAY, Esq., and of S. COLTSON, Esq.
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EGYPTIAN, GREEK, ROMAN, and PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES, including an important Roman Couch, the property of SIGNOR MASSIMO COLOZZI, and a very early short sword, the sheath partly covered with gold plate.
Illustrated catalogues (5 plates) 2/6

JULY 24th.

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SALE—JULY 16th.
Portrait of a Young Man by Raphael.

"WOOD ON THE DOWNS," BY PAUL NASH: This notable canvas, on view at the Tooth Galleries, is defined by Mr. Wilenski as "a noble interpretation of the architecture of an English winter's day"

The Kaleidoscope of Art in London—(cont.)

BY R. H. WILENSKI

which was organized by the clown Delpini, or the one where Garrick appeared as "The King of the Gipsies."

The modern English paintings I saw this morning are at the Tooth Galleries. After a long course of French pictures in so many galleries it was refreshing to see an all-English show. Paul Nash's "Wood on the Downs" is a noble interpretation of the architecture of an English winter's day; pictures in Matthew Smith's voluptuous colour hang next to these cool, restrained works by Nash, and make an interesting contrast. Augustus John here is at his most vigorous in the head called "Chiquita"; he is in El Greco mood in "Father Elizondo," and rather social in his fluently painted "Yvonne."

Herbert Haseltine I met at Knoedler's Gallery, where he was arranging for the exhibition of his sculpture. The exhibition is grouped round the model of his equestrian statue commemorating the Indian Prince Jam Rawalgi, who founded the present dynasty in Nawanagar in the sixteenth century. The group, which has real poetic character, is in my view Haseltine's finest achievement. It is a commission from the present ruler. It will be of gilt bronze on a stone pedestal, and it will be placed in the centre of a lake. The horse has been modelled from a Kathiawar stallion which His Highness sent all the way from India to Paris to help the sculptor in his work.

"TORSO," BY CSAKY: A smoothly powerful study by the Hungarian-born French subject whose one-man show is being held at the Lefevre Galleries

Herbert Haseltine is American by birth. He has, however, lived and worked in Paris for the last twenty years. He studied painting and sculpture in Aimé Morot's studio, but abandoned painting for sculpture. He began as a representational sculptor, but has developed a more stylized method since the War, culminating in his monumental memorial at Jam Nagar to Jam Rawalgi, a sixteenth-century Indian prince—the ancestor of the present Jam Sahib, "Ranji," who founded that city.

Haseltine has exhibited at the Paris Salon, at the R.A. at Rome, at Brussels, at Venice, and at Vienna. His first one-man exhibition was held in London in 1914; subsequent exhibitions were held in Paris, 1920; in London, 1921 and 1925.

He received hon. mention at the Paris Salon in 1906 for a bronze polo group entitled "Riding Off."

Examples of his work can be found in the museum of the Hispanic Society of America, Luxembourg, Metropolitan (New York), Field (Chicago), Imperial War Museum and Phillips' Academy (Massachusetts).

Csaky, whose one-man show is on view at the Lefevre Galleries, was born at Szeged in Hungary on March 18, 1888. He commenced his studies in the School of Art at Budapest in 1904, but having decided that the teaching was neither satisfying nor sufficient he left there at the end of eighteen months, and thence onward worked alone without any master. In 1905, through meeting artists from Paris, he came under the influence of modern French art, and in 1908 decided to go to Paris, where he has remained ever since.

He has exhibited at all the important exhibitions, including the Nationale, the Salon d'Automne, and the Indépendants, and his work is included in numerous European and American collections. He has been since 1911 an adherent of the Cubist movement, and although his work is now less abstract than it was at the beginning, it still shows the strong influence of Cubism and the artist's feeling for architectural forms.

Csaky became a naturalized Frenchman, joined the French Army as a volunteer at the beginning of the War, and fought with the French troops until the end.

"NUE COUCHEE," BY CSAKY: A distinguished bronze of the Oriental-cum-Impressionist school which has to-day eclipsed in favour the delicacy, the photographic realism, and the idealization of the style of yester-year. It is on view at the Lefevre Galleries

The present exhibition is the first occasion on which any large number of his sculptures have been shown together in this country, although there are many examples in the possession of well-known British collectors.

THE ART OF HERBERT HASELTINE: The equestrian statue of the first Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, Prince Jam Rawalgi, who founded the dynasty in the sixteenth century, and one of the two sacred State bullocks, both of which will be placed in the market-place of Jamnagar, Prince Ranjitsinhji's capital

Glass Picture of King William III., by J. Smith, after Kneller, 11 in. by 9 in., in period carved frame

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PICTURED HISTORY IN LONDON

Three Gems from the Bernal Collection under the Hammer

CHARLES V.: The great Habsburg whose empire extended from Spain to Austria, from the Netherlands to Sicily. This notable picture by Janet, in which the curiously protuberant lower lip, characteristic of his house, and the battleship jaw, typical of the man who for years fought the hectic Luthers all over Europe (whither he travelled with his coffin, in which he slept), before retiring to a monastery, was one of the gems sold at Christie's yesterday

THE EMPEROR FERDINAND, BY L. VAN LEYDEN: The brother of Charles V, he succeeded that greatest of the Habsburgs on his abdication in 1556, having been elected King of the Romans in 1531. Through his wife he laid claim to Bohemia and Hungary on his brother-in-law's death in battle with the Turks in 1526 involving himself with Zapolya, who had the support of the Sultan Soliman

These remarkable historical portraits in the Bernal collection are being sold this week at Christie's. Three outstanding items are here reproduced. One is a remarkable study of Philip le Bel (Philip the Fair), the son of Philip the Rash and Isabella of Aragon. He married Joanna of Navarre, an alliance which brought him Navarre, Champagne, and Brie. It was he whose overrunning of Flanders was brought to an inglorious halt at Courtrai when, on the "Day of Spurs," the flower of French chivalry went down before the burghers. His reign was notable especially for his struggle with Pope Boniface VIII on the subject of the taxation of the clergy, and on the death of the "Vicar of St. Peter's" Philip inaugurated the captivity at the great palace of Avignon.

PHILIP LE BEL, BY MABUSE: A fourteenth-century French King by a sixteenth-century Flemish painter

SURROUNDED WITH THE SPIRITS OF HIS CREATIONS: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who died on Monday at his home at Crowhurst

This composite picture shows grouped round him Professor Challenger of "The Lost World" in all the Assyrian luxuriance of beard and insolence of eyelid; Professor Moriarty, the arch-villain of detective fiction, and, between the two, the immortal figure, long, lank, pale, of Sherlock Holmes, whose name is a synonym for every sleuth of fiction or fact, a byword for the ingenious deduction. In addition to the Holmes series, on which his literary fame largely rests, Conan Doyle wrote many adventure stories, notable among which were *The White Company* and *Tragedy of the Korosko*. His literary epitaph could probably be summed up in the dedication to *The Lost World*:

"I have wrought my simple plan
If I give an hour of joy,
To the boy who's half a man,
And the man who's half a boy."

It is unquestionably his extra-literary activities that Conan Doyle himself would regard as his life's work. The champion of the unjustly condemned—mainly in the person of Oscar Slater—he succeeded in obtaining his release and compensation from the Government, only to be scurvily treated by his beneficiary. But his efforts for the cause of Spiritualism—the culmination of which was his interview with the Home Secretary but a few days before his death—were, in his opinion, the main justification for his existence

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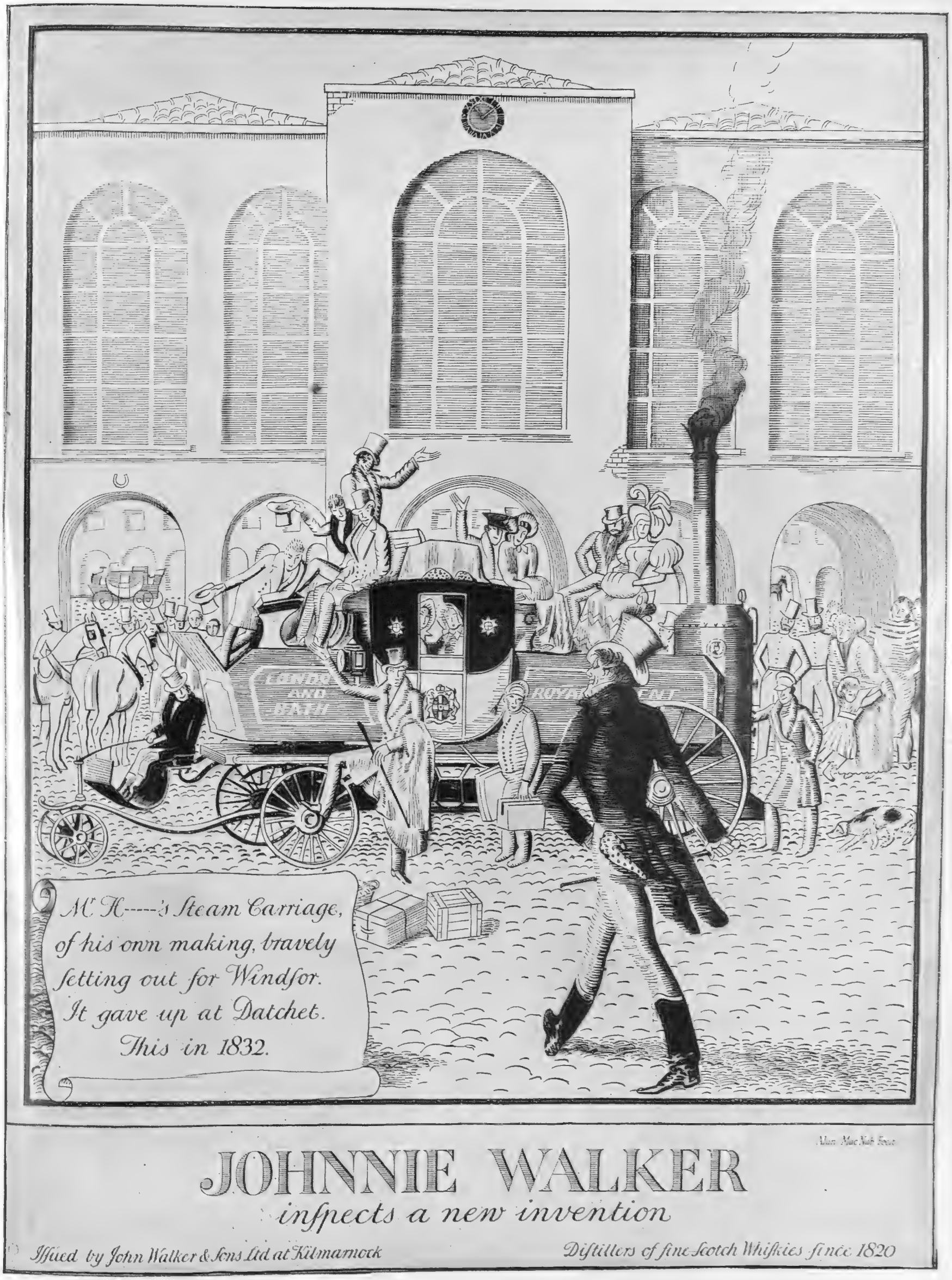
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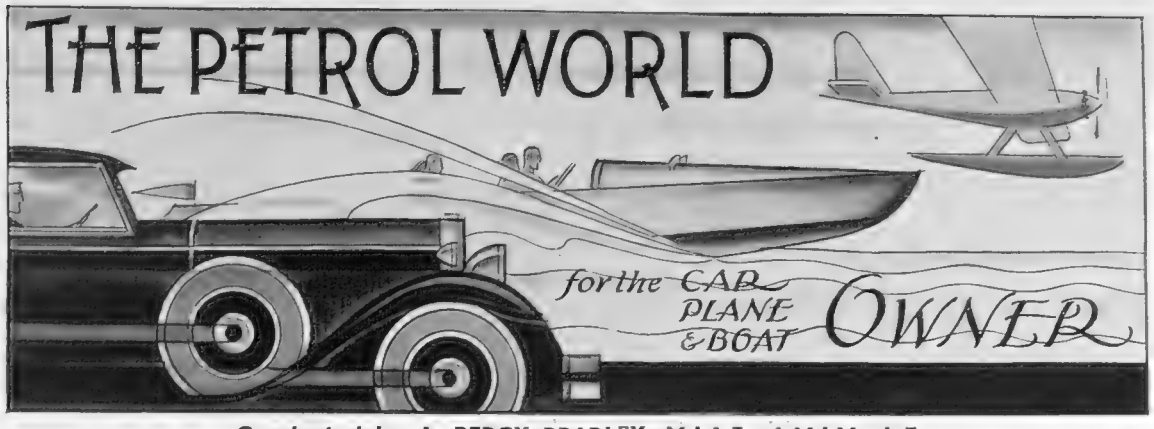


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE "BENTLEY BOMBSHELL."—The announcement that Bentley Motors have decided for the present to discontinue their racing activities is now being talked about as the "Bentley Bombshell." Wherever racing enthusiasts gather together this item of news is keenly discussed. In the motor-racing world people very seldom take any notice of the official reason which is given for retirements of any description and, therefore, all kinds of stories are floating round as to the real reason why Bentley's, who have supported motor-racing for so long, should suddenly cut it right out. Personally I have no doubt whatever in my mind as to why the decision has been made.

Bentley's, like any other sensible motor firm, have indulged in motor-racing for two good business reasons. Firstly, to obtain experience in the shortest possible time so as to perfect and develop their design, and secondly, with the object of advertising their wares. No concern with any businesslike reputation enters the motor-racing world for the fun of the thing or to give their drivers an exciting day now and again. It is quite an expensive business, and the board of a company naturally require to see some return for the money expended. Bentley's, through continuous and successful participation in all the big racing events, have gained what experience they require. They have been so successful they cannot possibly extract any further advertising value from further success to warrant additional expense for more racing.

It will be noted that the official announcement states quite definitely that they reserve the right to alter the decision in the future should they consider that further participation in motor racing would be beneficial. I think this is a very proper proviso because things move very quickly in the racing world, and Bentley's realize that in two years' time or so they may require further practical experience in order to keep their car in its present enviable position. Their withdrawal from the Irish International Grand Prix is regrettable, and it seems a pity that they cannot see their way to carry on until the end of the season. Personally I am not surprised, because they have won the two big races that have been held this year; they have therefore nothing to gain in carrying on, whereas a lot might conceivably be lost through some piece of bad luck were they to run in any further classic event.

A FANTASTIC UTTERANCE.—Captain Woolf Barnato is reported to have stated that the maximum speed of cars in road races has been attained. Knowing Captain Barnato as I do, I feel certain that he never made such a ridiculous statement, but probably qualified it in some way, because it is unthinkable that the limit has yet been gained on either road or track. Possibly at Le Mans it would be unsafe for him to increase the all-out speed of the Big Six Bentley, and perhaps that might apply also in the case of the Double Twelve at Brooklands, but I feel certain that it is still possible to give the Big Six Bentley as well as any other motor-car even greater acceleration than it has at the moment, in which case the average speed can still be increased.

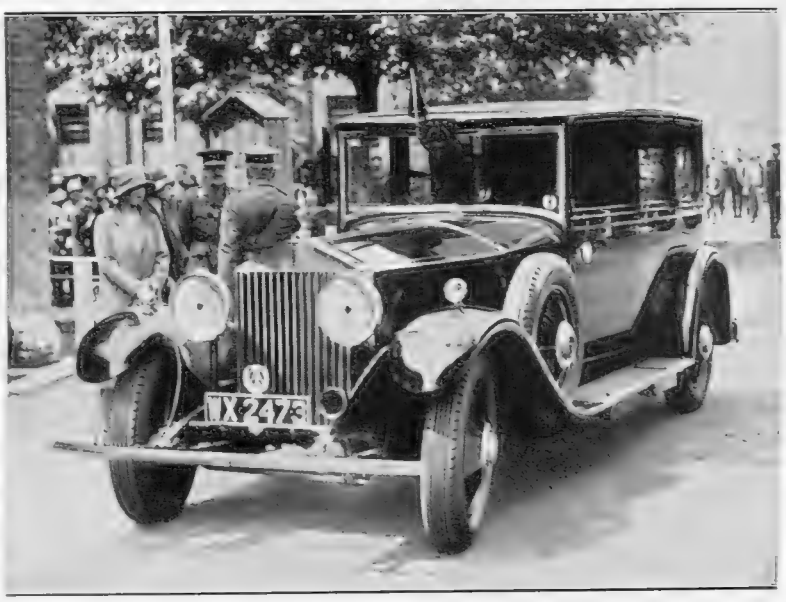
In these days of traffic congestion on practically every road in the country, the time taken to go from point to point is not governed so much by the all-out speed of a vehicle as by its acceleration powers. I cannot imagine any firm at the present time claiming that they have reached finality in the latter respect, and it therefore seems to me that motor-racing, even for firms whose cars can travel at 120 m.p.h. and over, is still a school in which valuable lessons can be learnt. Captain Barnato I am sure realizes this as much as anyone else. I therefore refuse to believe that his published remarks are actually what he said.

ENCOURAGING OTHERS.—So far as the future of motor-racing itself is concerned the withdrawal of Bentley support may be all to the good. Quite a number of firms were frightened to compete so long as Bentleys figured in the entry list. Now that these Big Sixes will not be competitors I am sure in quite the near future other big motor-cars will be coming in and taking the places that at the moment seem to be empty. Already I have heard rumours that several newcomers to racing will be competing in some of our big events this year, in fact it looks as if the retirement of one company means the sudden appearance of three or four other companies in the same field.

No firm can afford to rest very long on its laurels, and therefore, when a certain time has elapsed and other companies have taken those valuable first prizes and received all the publicity that valuable wins command, Bentleys will, I am sure, reconsider their decision and re-enter the lists once again.

There is, of course, no getting away from the fact that the long succession of Bentley successes both at home and abroad has not only brought them an amazing amount of business, but has done the British motor trade as a whole the world of good.

It is also comforting to realize that although the official Bentley cars will now go into retirement; Captain Birkin, with Miss Paget's unofficial team of super-charged 4½-litre Bentleys, will still be competing at our big meetings.



The Royal Vehicle: The Rolls Royce car in which Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, travelled to inspect the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots Regiment, of which she is colonel-in-chief

UNWARRANTED INTERFERENCE.—According to *The Motor* the Surrey County Council have adopted and are now going to put into force a new byelaw which has as its object the control of garages. This control is of such a drastic nature that this local affair deserves more than local interest. The Surrey County Council, amongst other things, proposes to specify what materials must be used in the construction of a garage, the size, the shape, and the colour of its signs; in fact it wishes to design every petrol station or garage which may be erected in its area.

I suppose there is no doubt that it has the necessary powers to carry out its wishes, and it further proposes to give garages already in existence two years to conform with the specifications laid down.

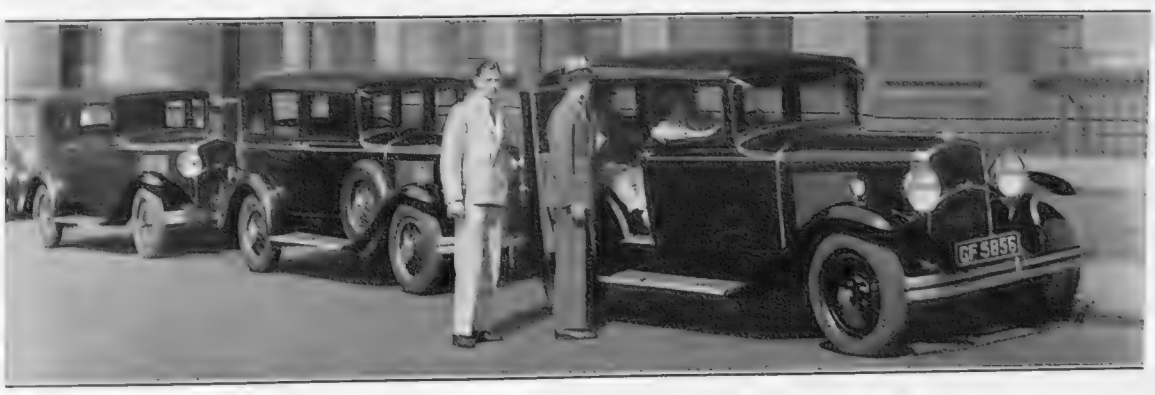
If the Motor Trade Association and the other bodies who look after the interests of garage-owners take this lying down I shall be very much surprised. One would almost think that the Surrey County Council are never responsible for any building which has not been designed by a Wren. From our childhood days we have always been taught that people in glass houses are likely to find it dangerous when they indulge in stone-throwing, and it seems that before these councillors try to remove the microscopic blotch on the landscape resulting from a few unpleasant-looking garages the Surrey County Council should make quite certain that all their council houses, their municipal offices, and all other buildings over which they have control are outside criticism.

RUSTIC MYOPIA.—Why such a dead set should be made against petrol stations and garages is difficult to comprehend. I do not suppose that there is another trade in the country which spends more money in decorative and garden work in order to beautify its premises than that to which the garage and petrol pump owner belong. If these worthy members of the community erect premises that are so offensive to the eye, are we to assume that all the bakers possess shops which are a beauty to look at, and have all the butchers in the county of Surrey suddenly come into possession of artistic premises. I know of no hotel-keeper, no grocer, no poulterer, no ironmonger, nor confectioner who owns premises in any way comparable in artistic design to the Fox and Nichol garage or the Combe Bridge Station on the Kingston by-pass. Until all those other tradesmen can at least produce one or two buildings and grounds comparable to these petrol stations, I cannot see why the Surrey County Council should not attack them first.

I should also like to ask the Surrey County Council whether they have no control over the hideous temporary refreshment booths which disfigure many of the beauty spots in Surrey. It seems to me that this is another instance of the motoring community being shot at for no justifiable reason. If some urban district councillor or some county councillor is stirred to action, his first instinct is to hit the motorist in some way or other. These small, self-opinionated parochial people, who are still living without knowing it in the past century are probably unaware that the British motor trade is one of the biggest industries in this country, and the time has long passed since it was considered quite good form to treat it as a joke.

BUILDING BONNIER BABIES.—It will surely be of interest to all motorists to learn that the popular Austin Seven is now being delivered with several important improvements. These include better braking and, in addition, the pedal or the hand-lever when applied operates the brakes on all four wheels. The petrol tank has been fitted with a new two-level tap, which thus supplies a reserve petrol supply. The oil-pressure gauge with a dial now takes the place of the old button indicator. On the Austin Seven coach-built saloon several body alterations have been made. In its new form the car has a longer bonnet and body, and the whole appearance has been made considerably smarter and neater. There is a deeper radiator of larger capacity which naturally adds to the appearance of the car, and by strengthening the back axle and the suspension the carrying capacity has been increased to 36 stone. Additional knee-room has been given to the rear passengers, which enables two adults to travel quite comfortably in the back. As might be expected, with a larger car a stiffer and stronger crankshaft has been adopted. The one-piece windscreen is now slightly sloping and is secured in position by a quick-acting locking device which is claimed to be positively rattle-proof. Length and grace are added to the appearance and the beauty by a clear

(Continued on p. 98)



Out for Runs: On the day of their record-breaking score at Lord's the Australian Test players were driven to Lord's in a fleet of Graham cars provided by the car Mart, Ltd. From left to right are seen Wall, Kippax, Woodfull (inside the car), and Hornibrook in the driver's seat

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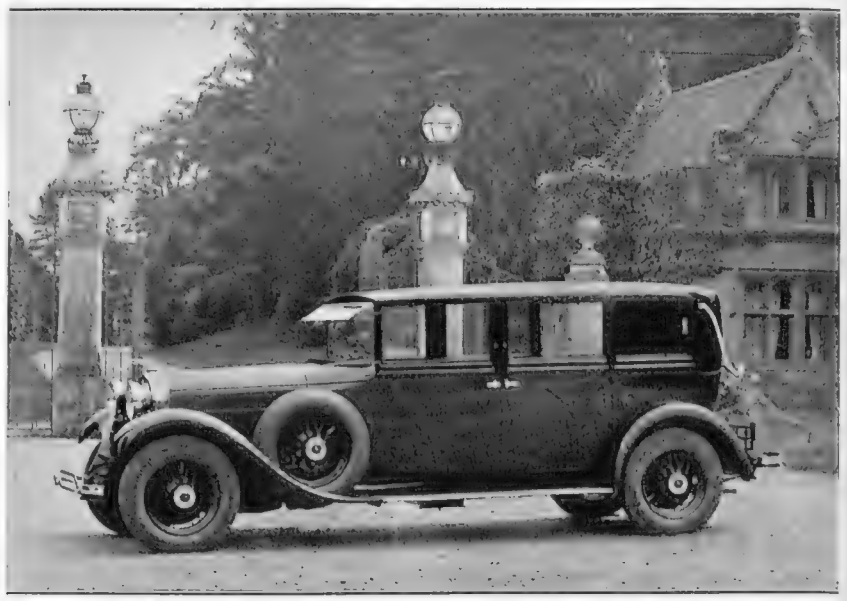


A Body Worthy of the Car: A specially built enclosed landaulette body built by Messrs. Maythorn and Son, Ltd., of Biggleswade, mounted on a standard Lincoln chassis

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from p. 97*)

unbroken belt-line, and a new type moulding from the radiator hinge right back to the rear of the body. The door windows are made of one piece and are raised or lowered mechanically. The roof-line has been improved, and the rear quarter panel is now rounded. The seats have pneumatic upholstery, and the rear axle is fully sprung. Both the front seats tip up and thus access to the back can be obtained through either of the wide doors. The new fabric saloon follows the same general lines.

ROYAL DELIGHT.—Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have received the following letter from Belaten Gueta Herrouy, Director General of Foreign Affairs in Abyssinia:

"*Peace be with you:*

"We have been asked to inform you that the car which His Majesty Hai le Sellasie I, King of Kings of Ethiopia, has bought from your Company, has arrived intact, and that His Majesty is satisfied with the precautions you have taken for the delivery of this car.

"In addition to this, we have pleasure in saying that Mr. B. Frederick, the mechanic whom you have entrusted with the delivery of the car to us, has during his visit to our town shown excellent qualities which we greatly appreciate."

The car referred to was duly delivered in Addis Ababa in charge of the Rolls-Royce mechanic who had been sent from Bombay to meet it. On its first run it was accompanied by mounted soldiers and slaves, some on the front wings, some on the rear, some wherever they could obtain a foothold, and all armed with guns. In addition there were two members of His Majesty's personal bodyguard, for whom, it will be remembered, a special dickey seat has been built on to the rear of the body, a Hooper enclosed-drive landaulette. The King expressed himself delighted with the comfort and performance of the car and was particularly proud of the dials, gauges, and electrical instruments on the dashboard, which he showed to a gathering of chiefs and members of his suite.

Before leaving, the Rolls-Royce mechanic, with the help of a local English-speaking official, explained to the king's chauffeur the conditions under which the Rolls-Royce Company issue their certificate to drivers who look after their cars properly.

It is some years since a car was last seen in Addis Ababa, the capital, and the road conditions are described as appalling. However His Majesty, who intends to drive the car some three miles from the city for the opening ceremony of a new bridge, has ordered his municipality to metal the roads within forty days.

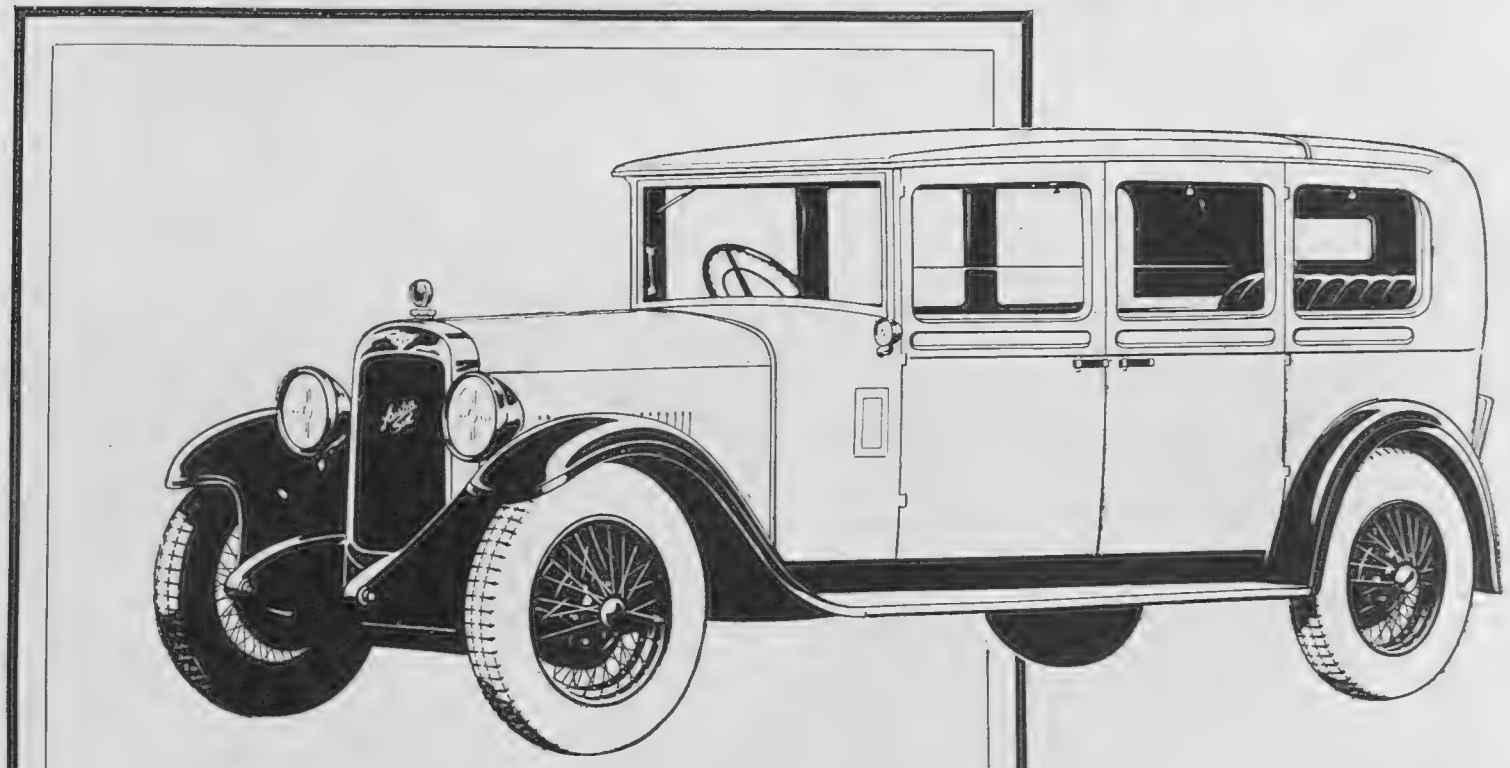
WHICH IS THE IDEAL PETROL?—Opinions differ greatly as to the most desirable qualities in petrol. Some motorists regard rapid acceleration with high maximum speed as the most important quality of all. Others with very high-compression engines plump for non-pinking, and others with an eye to economy think that mileage per gallon is the chief consideration. It depends entirely on individual requirements. There are other qualities, however, which a good petrol should possess, such as volatility to ensure quick starting and elasticity in meeting the demands of the accelerator pedal without choking or fuss. At the same time the spirit should be such that there will be no risk of its thinning the lubricating oil, otherwise serious damage to the engine may result.

Hitherto motorists have been almost entirely concerned with the question of the design and performance of cars. Now, however, that engines have attained to such an uniformly high standard of efficiency, motorists are turning their critical minds to the ideal petrol. Under

(*Continued on p. 100*)

Parisian Luxury: The Citroën Company, which leapt into prominence by producing the "Ford of France," has now turned its attention to luxury vehicles with even greater success. Above is seen the 6-cylinder Citroën town car

"150,000 miles of ungrudging service—yet never in a garage for a serious repair."



Owner Report No. 314; Car No. NPT 3442; Registration No. HF 1411; Delivery Date, July 1921.

Nor is this the whole of this owner's observation on his Austin "Twenty." Read further :

His car has been in continual daily use. Except for decarbonising the engine has never been taken down.

. . . Moreover, the owner reports, the car was run daily for many years by his father, a doctor, whose work, occasioning much stopping and starting, subjected the car to much gruelling service.

At least 150,000 miles have been covered—yet the car has never been in a garage for a serious repair.

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**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

The "Twenty" Ranelagh Limousine

As illustrated

£630

Six-cylinder. 20 h.p. Seats seven persons. The adjustable screen behind driver's seat enables the car to be owner or chauffeur driven. Upholstery is in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, luggage carrier, Triplex glass, chromium plating, Dunlop tyres.

Other "Twenty" Models.

Open Road 7-seater	£530
Marlborough Landaulet	£560
Carlton Saloon	*£560
Fabric Saloon (with division)	£630

(*Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra.)

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Crescent Island, Lake Naivasha.

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

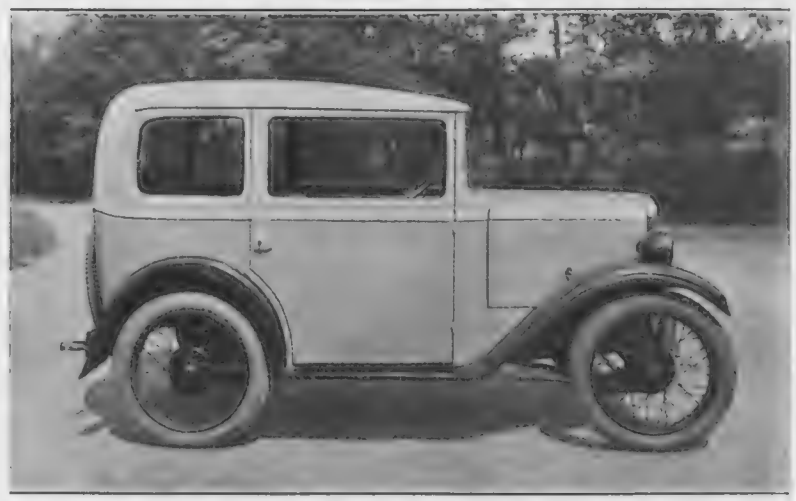
(*Continued from p. 98*)

all conditions of temperature the ideal petrol should be able to function uniformly and enable the best all-round results to be obtained. Present and prospective petrol users have now an opportunity to record their views as to the order of merit in which the different properties of petrol should be placed. The proprietors of the new B.P. petrol are offering £2,000 in cash prizes for opinions on this important question. Full particulars and free entry coupon may be obtained from any B.P. petrol dealer. In connection with this competition the proprietors of B.P. petrol have undertaken to contribute to the Prince of Wales's Personal Fund for the charitable work of the British Legion 3d. for every entry coupon sent in.

CHEMICAL DECARBONIZERS.—Many attempts have been made in the past by means of adding ingredients to the petrol or by introducing a chemical of some kind into the combustion chamber in order to remove the carbon from an engine, thus doing away with that messy and unpleasant task of taking off the head and cleaning the pistons, heads, and valves by hand. It does not require a qualified chemist to appreciate that once carbon has formed inside the engine it is one of the most difficult things to remove except by brute force, and so the chemist's most promising hope is to prevent it forming at all and so preserving the original cleanness of the engine's internals.

One of the latest attempts to effect this very desirable end is an appliance marked by Bagnall Stewart, Limited, the device being known as "The Decarbo." This consists of a small metal container which is connected with the air intake of the carburetter. This tube, if I may call it by that name, has an inner and outer chamber and into the latter is placed a decarbo refill. When the engine is running it causes a current of air to pass down the outer chamber, and this in turn is deflected along the inner chamber, finally passing over the refill and causing it to vaporize slowly. The vapour is sucked through the tube and passes via the intake of the caburetter into the combustion chamber along with the explosive mixture.

Speaking quite frankly, my experience in the past has not convinced me that patent carbon removers are 100 per cent. efficient, and there, is, of course, a difficulty in obtaining proof that they act according to their claims. To obtain a really convincing test an engine should be run for a certain specified mileage, running well into four figures, with the device fitted, and then again under the same conditions but without the device. I have no faith whatever in the results of a run of even 10,000 miles with any such device in operation unless the same mileage is covered in the ordinary way, so that a comparison can be made and conclusions drawn. I think one day such a device will be marketed and it is quite probable that the Decarbo is the long awaited godsend. I hope, therefore, that the makers or the agents will put it to an R.A.C. test, and if the results are as good as they anticipate, and I have no reason to suspect that they will be otherwise, then the motoring world will fit this device in their thousands.



Britain's Better Baby: The new Austin Seven, in which many new features are incorporated, including pneumatic upholstery, a longer bonnet, and new roof lines

"FITTING AND FORGETTING."—There is certainly no surprise in learning that the famous K.L.G. plugs were fitted to the winning Bentleys in the recent Le Mans race. Whenever there is a win in a big classic event one can usually depend that K.L.G. plugs have played their part. To those who take really active interest in motoring it is inconceivable that any other plug would be used, but the general public are perhaps not quite so clear as to the make of sparking-plug that is capable of standing up to this terrifically severe test.

A FORD CONCESSION.—Everyone buying a Ford passenger car before July 31 will receive a free car licence for the second half of 1930. Both the 24-h.p. and the 14·9-h.p. cars are affected by this announcement, which makes possible the purchase of either the higher- or lower-powered car at the same price. Six body types, including both open and closed cars, are affected by the announcement. These are the Tourer, three-window Forder saloon, Coupé, Tudor saloon, Cabriolet, and the De Luxe Fordor saloon with sliding roof. In price they range from £180 to £245 at the company's Trafford Park Works, Manchester.

On the River: A few of Mr. Cochran's young ladies were recently invited by Messrs. Thornycroft and Co. to a day on the river aboard one of their 40-ft. standard cruisers, kindly placed at their disposal by the owner, Colonel Cox

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I should not have believed, if I had not witnessed it, that any car could achieve Rolls-Royce silence of nearly 90 m.p.h., but it is a fact that mechanical noises, if any, were so slight at this speed, as to be hopelessly drowned in the swish of the tyres on the road."—*The Earl of Cardigan, 'Britannia and Eve' May 1930*

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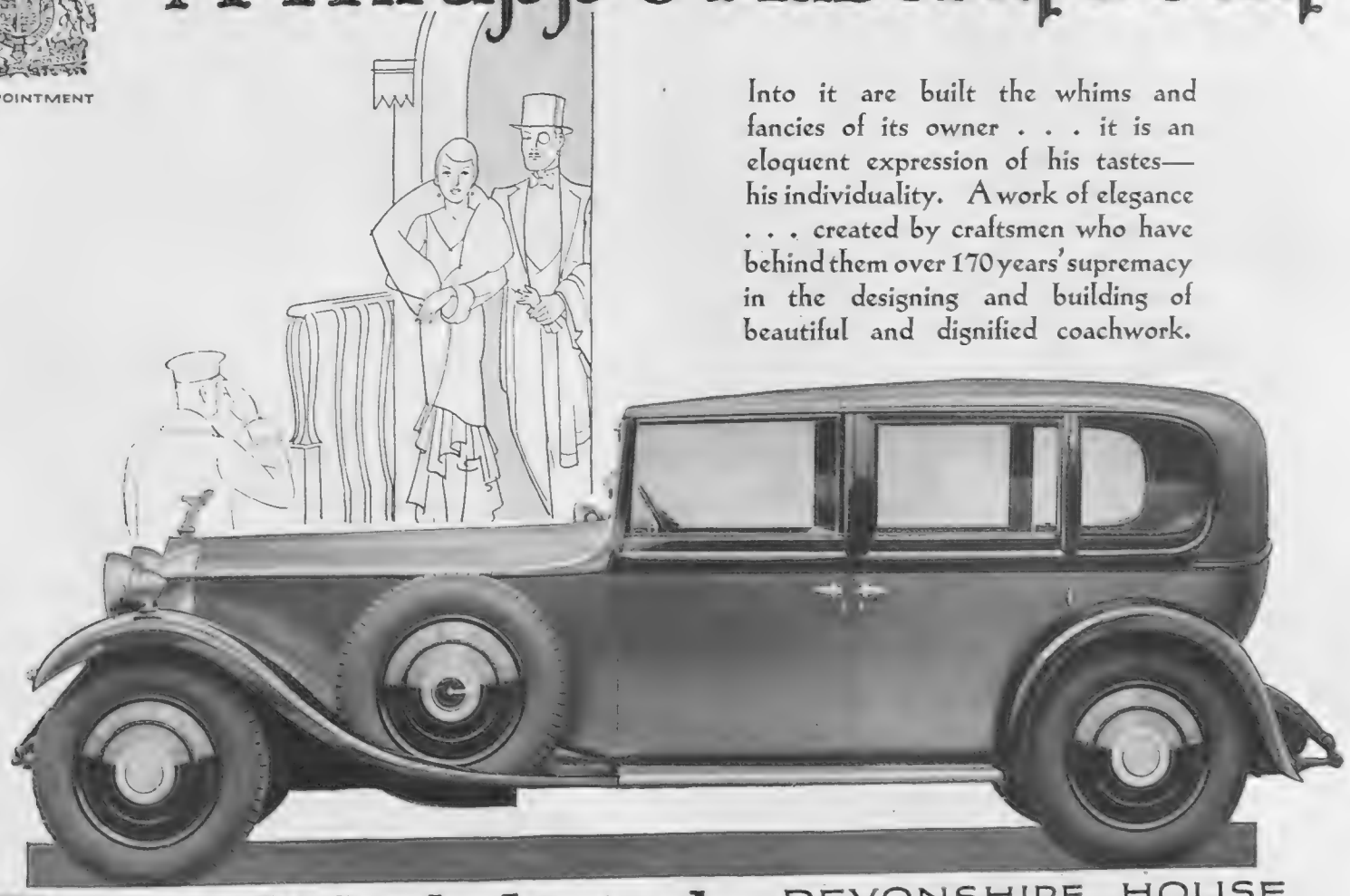

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TWO BOOKS OF DISTINCTION

"Fair Perthshire" and "The Old Book"

The banks and braes of Bonnie Scotland are, as I write, exerting upon many their powerful lure. And it has been for me intolerably intensified by reading Hamish Miles's latest work, *Fair Perthshire*, published by the Bodley Head at 15s. net. Almost am I persuaded to cancel all arrangements for Cambria and Cumbria, whither I am engaged to go next week, in favour of the glories of the county stretching, a lovely link, between the wilds of Argyll and Inverness on the one hand and the more placid beauties of Stirling and Forfarshire on the other.

To the apparently unconscious (for Mr. Miles does not "bark" the charms of the county, as too many writers of guide books and their ilk are prone to do) compulsion exerted by the author's original prose, gemmed with quotations

ON THE TUMMEL NEAR PITLOCHRY: An illustration from "Fair Perthshire"

whose selection has been singularly felicitous, Mr. John McGhie has added the stimulus of his pencil and brush.

Mr. Miles is a scholarly biographer of Perth. He not only knows that the Wordsworths visited "The Hermitage," a fantastic and pretentious effort to aggrandize, on the banks of the Bran, supremely majestic unadorned nature, perpetrated by the then Duke of Atholl, but also quotes extensively from the more profound remarks of Robert Heron—not quite so well-known a literary figure.

The quotations are very happily selected, not only for their intrinsic literary merit but also for their appositeness to the subject. They are not only, curious to relate—a matter for commendation—culled from Burns and Scott!

The author gives, to one whose knowledge of the subject is cursory though admiring the impression that if he were shown one particular flint in an obscure lane he would immediately and accurately demonstrate that it was the flint King James V in 1529 threw at a passing sparrow, so profoundly does he know his subject!

Historically as geographically, Mr. Hamish Miles "knows his stuff." He knows the county of which he writes with more accuracy than you and I know the hundred yards surrounding our house!

The great railway lines to Scotland would almost be well advised to send to all those who have never savoured the delights of North Britain, and yet could afford to do so, a copy of this work. Their main line traffic would, I conceive, increase by a substantial percentage! The Trossachs, Glen Eagles, Sma' Glen—seen not only in the rush of the season but in the quiet days of the year; Struan Robertson, Neil Gow the fiddler, and Charles Mackintosh of Iver live a vicarious but none the less vivid an existence in his pages.

My tickets for Plynlimmon and Cader, Snowdon and Scaw Fell lie before me. I think I will just telephone to transfer to Perth!

G. H. W. RAMSEY.

In an age devoted on the one hand to the Schneider Cup, the dirt track, Brooklands, the efforts of poor Segrave, the paintings of John Masses, Picasso, the music of Ravel or Stravinsky, the sculpture of Epstein, and all other manifestations of *le style moderne*, there is in existence a compensating cult of the old. Not the spurious antiquity of Victoria or even the Regency, but an adoration of the genuinely old.

The plays of the Restoration, the tragedies of Dryden, the efforts of the more obscure Elizabethans have been unearthed from the dusty shelves and presented with more or less success.

Miss Dorothy Hartley has gone further back into history than that, to produce a mixed anthology enterprisingly (and exquisitely) published by Knopf under the title of *The Old Book*. The editor has, furthermore, illuminated the pages of her compilation with delicate illustrations by her own hand. And George Saintsbury, doyen of critics, most searching and penetrating of literary authorities, contributes an Introduction.

THE NURSE: "Such a one, keep her in your household"—from "The Old Book"

For the efforts of the publisher and the editor, superlatives, weakened in the modern world by over-use, are inadequate. Miss Hartley has the apotheosis of what has not inaptly been termed "The Scrap-book Mind"—a phrase too often used to connote a higgledy-piggledy mass of misinformation and not a well-balanced storehouse of treasures of memory; and the myrmidons of Knopf have served him well. The book is a real pleasure to read and an almost equal pleasure to handle. I speak of the limited edition. But the types and setting (as distinct from the paper and binding) could not be improved.

The body of the book itself begins with a tender proem of wistful charm; which explains why the divisions are not chronological. Apart from certain fairly well-known "purple patches" and poems, there are many delicious trifles loosely grouped under headings of the Land, the People, the Household, travellers' tales, doctors and science, beasts, fears and ghosts, and curses and prayers.

The last section is perhaps the most stimulating. The evidence of the sincerity of the ages of belief, when people would burn and torture, and *be* burned and tortured for their faith, Catholic or Protestant, come as a wholesome corrective to the modern Agnosticism.

The spelling preserves all the charm of archaism without Chaucerian unintelligibility. I cannot leave the book without voicing my one regret. The exeats from Hell permitted to Judas Iscariot by the Lord he betrayed—from Saturday to Sunday night, and from Easter to Whitsun—should not be headed "Where Judas goes for the week-end." The modern flippancy has no place in the gracious pages of *The Old Book*.

"ACHERON."

by ROY ELSTON
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18TH-CENTURY PICTURES ON GLASS

Once found on the walls of the humblest cottages, whose occupants had bought them for a shilling or two, eighteenth-century pictures on glass are now being enthusiastically collected by connoisseurs, who are giving as much as hundreds of pounds for really fine specimens. An exhibition of these pictures on glass is to be held at the Gill and Reigate Galleries, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, from July 2 to July 17, for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital, whose chairman, Prince Arthur of Connaught, will open the exhibition at 11 o'clock on Wednesday. The majority of the pictures are from the collection of Sir Arthur du Cros at Craigwell House, Bognor Regis, and these are said to have aroused the interest of Her Majesty the Queen during her stay at Craigwell last year. The pictures represent the work of artists and craftsmen in many countries, the Chinese examples being particularly attractive by reason of their wonderful colouring. The exhibition will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it will close at 1 p.m. An entrance-fee of 1s. is asked of the public who attend, and this will be given to the Middlesex Hospital Reconstruction Fund.

BRAHMS'S THIRD SYMPHONY ON THE GRAMOPHONE

A long-looked-for addition to recorded music, included in "His Master's Voice" July list, is Brahms's Symphony No. 3 in F Major, the four movements being on five discs enclosed in an album. This glorious music, expressing noble thoughts, superb dignity, and passionate warmth, is played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski, and never has this work been more faithfully rendered. These are records which, while they will be hailed enthusiastically at once by the musician, should be in every home because they make an increasing appeal every time the music is heard. The glowing beauty of Richard Strauss's music is at its height in "The Love Scene" from *Feuersnot*, and it has fallen to the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra to record this entrancing music for the first time. Two charming efforts are old and new waltzes by the International Concert Orchestra and a potpourri of waltzes, "Blue Danube," "Merry Widow," and others, by Kiriloff's Balalaika Orchestra. Real entertainment is provided by the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards giving selections from the ever popular *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and by Marek Weber's Orchestra in the joyous *Geisha*. The "Stein Song," which leapt into fame, is played on the cinema organ by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford together with enlivening effect. Raie da Costa, who, trained as a pianist of classical pieces, has most successfully turned her attention to the lightest of compositions, contributes a medley from "High Society Blues" and also "Cryin' for the Carolines."

ODDS and ENDS

The magic of Kreisler's violin playing adorns two favourite airs, "Deep in My Heart, Dear," and the "Indian Love Call" from *Rose Marie*. Mark Hambourg handles Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 in a masterly manner. The Cedric Sharpe Sextet made a notable debut with "His Master's Voice" in "O, Lovely Night," and the "Chanson Napolitaine." The Italian diva, Amelita Galli-Curci, will be welcomed with the "Russian Nightingale Song," which gives scope for revealing the wonders of her voice. The magnificent singing of the Berlin State Opera Chorus is heard in the "Huntsmen's Chorus" from *Der Freischutz* and the "Sailors' Chorus" from *The Flying Dutchman*. Stuart Robertson, the brilliant English baritone, has three delightful modern songs, "Spring Sorrow," "Trotting to the Fair," and "I have Twelve Oxen." The Light Opera Company with orchestra have, in quite the right spirit, rendered the vocal gems in *Cochran's 1930 Revue*. That little genius of British mirth, Betty Balfour, gives two amusing ditties from her film, *The Brat*, and Wish Wynne is an incomparable cockney in a laughter-making sketch describing a hair-raising film. A record wholly out of the way is "A Visit to the Zoo," in which the noises made by various animals are realistically reproduced.

LADY FRANCES BRIDGES, BY JAMES WATSON, AFTER J. COTES, R.A.: One of the eighteenth-century glass pictures from the collection of Sir Arthur Du Cros on view at the Gill and Reigate Galleries for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital

REZA SHAH PAHLEVI

REZA SHAH PAHLEVI

The bronze bust has been executed for the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., by Mr. E. M. Kottler, and is considered to be a very fine portrait of His Imperial Majesty. It is to be erected at Ahwaz, on a specially-designed plinth, to commemorate the opening of the great road which links the capital with Khuzistan, the Southern Province, where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company chiefly operates. The development of communications throughout his realm has long occupied the special attention of the Shah, and the construction of this road is a striking example of the results of his progressive policy.

A NOTABLE SALE

The famous Wigmore Street firm of Debenham and Freebody has been holding for the past few days, and will hold for the next week, a remarkable stock-taking sale at which many bargains may be acquired by the discerning visitor to all departments. A catalogue has been issued in connection with this event in economics.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Diocesan Inspector reports that the religious instruction in the Training Ship *Arethusa* is up to its usual standard of efficiency. He says, "The Headmaster and his staff give a good deal of time and thought to this work, and they most certainly make their lessons interesting and practical. The boys answered very readily and intelligently, and some of the answers were most thoughtful. All the repetition was thoroughly well known and the written work well done." It costs the Society £75 a year for each boy to be so trained. Will you support a boy for one year and give him his chance in life? Please address all gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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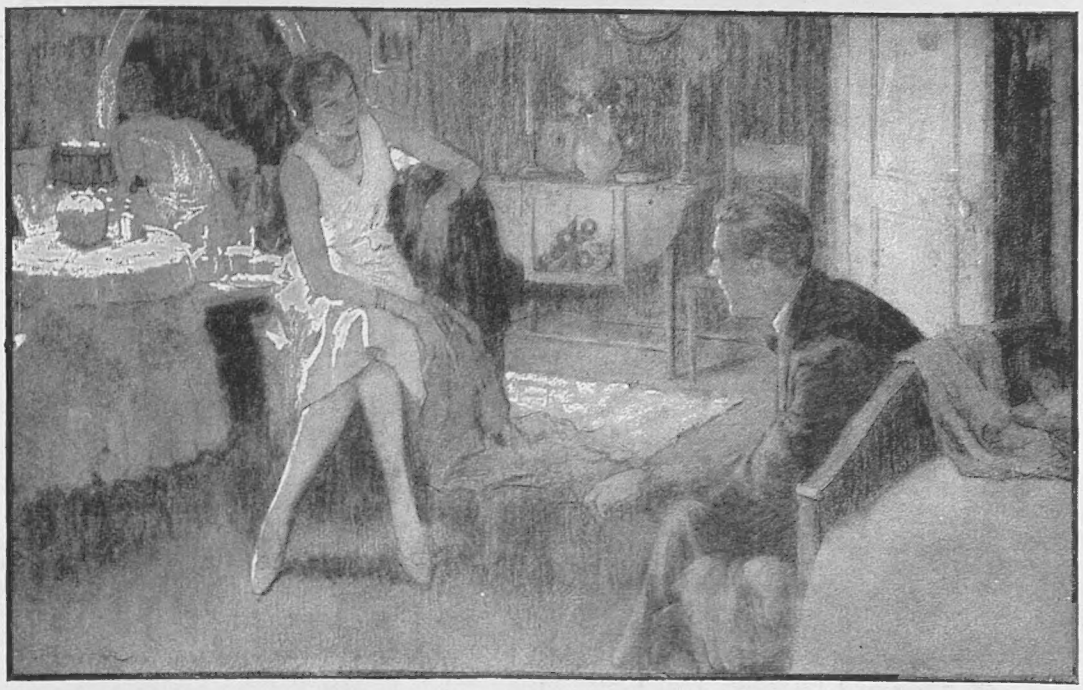

She put down her comb at last and turned round on her chair so that she was facing him.
"Well, Nicholas," she said, "what about Pauline Grey?"
Nicholas fidgeted with his hands.
"It's very serious this time," he said sadly.
"And is she taking it seriously, too?" Vanna forced her voice to sound natural.
"That," Nicholas pointed out, "is what I want to know. You see, Vanna, she's a good woman. A very good woman. Almost a saint, in fact."
Vanna picked up a scent spray, and sprayed her hair.
"In that case, darling, I'm afraid it may be a bit difficult for you."
Nicholas nodded. "She's been very kind to me, and so interested in my career," he said, thoughtfully. "We've had tea together four times, and I've only known her ten days."
Vanna got up. "Well then, Nicholas, why worry?" She went over to the wardrobe and took out her cloak
Nicholas was still sitting disconsolately on the settee fidgeting with his hands.
"You can't go yet, Vanna," he said peevishly. "I've a lot more to say to you."
Vanna sat down again.
"Be as quick as you can, darling; I'm late already."
Nicholas shifted his position.
"Pauline Grey is the kind of person who expects marriage—or nothing," he said sullenly, and Vanna drew in her breath with a low hissing sound.
"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh, Nicholas!"
He came over to her, and touched her arm. He was looking very solemn.
"You could marry Arthur Jefferson," he went on a little nervously, noticing the pallor of her cheeks, and the whipped dog look in her eyes. . . .

The glare of the limelight becomes too strong for this musical comedy star in "IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.

Stories and Suggestions for the SEA

Before you go on holiday, get BRITANNIA & EVE. Its seaside suggestions on frocks, bathing wear and the summer ensemble are right up to the minute. When you arrive in the country or down by the sea, the stories — *remarkably good stories* — will provide a pleasant diversion in the leisure hours.

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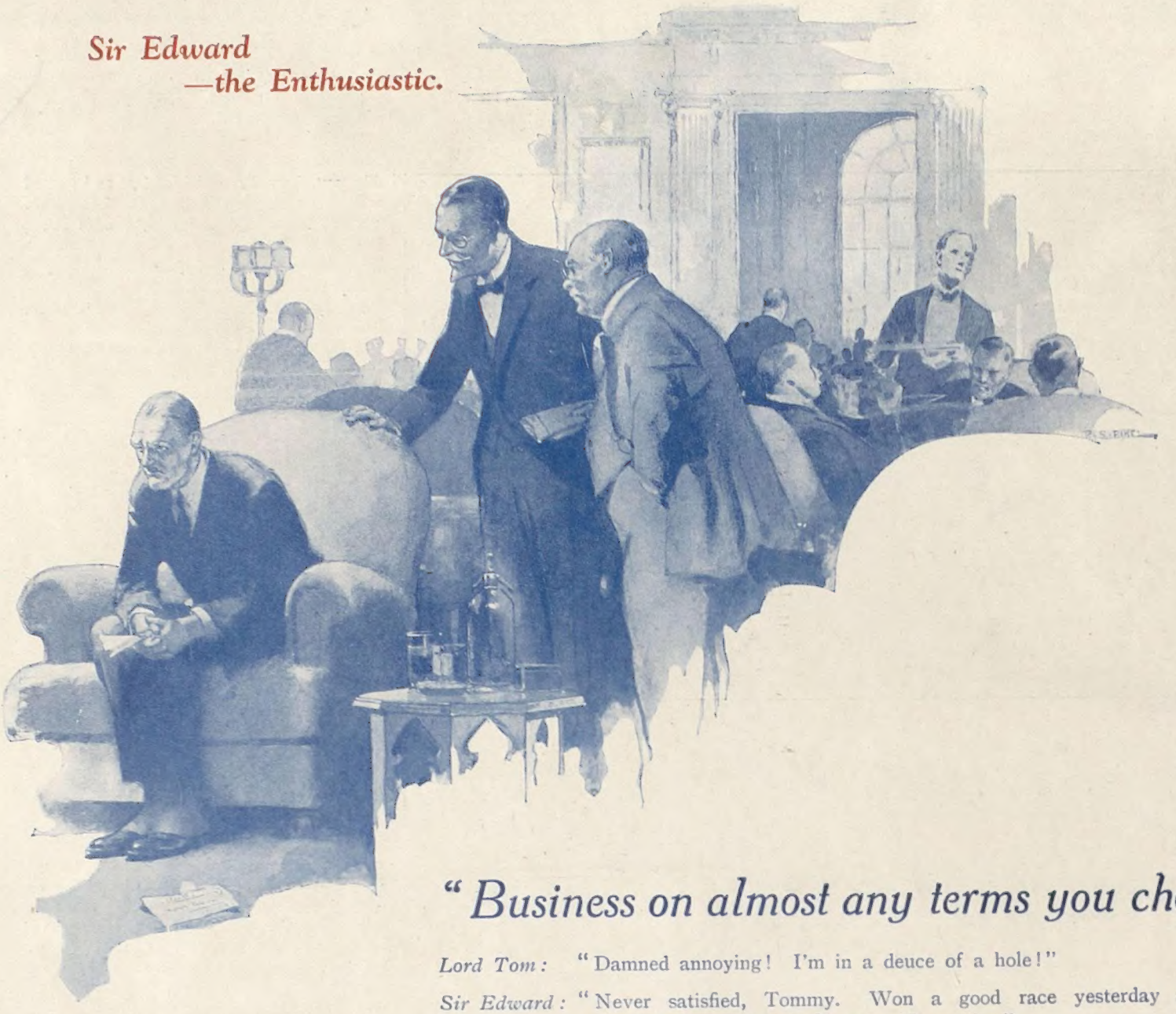
Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic.



"Business on almost any terms you choose."

Lord Tom: "Damned annoying! I'm in a deuce of a hole!"

Sir Edward: "Never satisfied, Tommy. Won a good race yesterday and you're grumbling—started at 10/1, too. Nice price."

Lord Tom: "Yes, *too* nice—that's the trouble."

Sir Edward: "Fancy a man growling at his horse winning at a long price. I should have thought the longer the better. Where's the snag?"

Lord Tom: "Well, a lot of pals had a bit with me—several 'tenners' and 'ponies'—in all, about £500. As I, also, wanted a 'monkey' on, I instructed my Commissioner to invest £1,000 in all."

Sir Edward: "So I suppose your grouch is that you did not have more on?"

Lord Tom: "No, it seems to have been a weak market and my man accepted 7/1, 6/1 5/1—averaging about 6/1. To his consternation, the starting price is returned at 10/1, and that is the price at which all my friends will expect me to pay them."

Sir Edward: "Which means you win almost nothing on the race?"

Lord Tom: "Yes, by the time my trainer and jockey have their presents and I pay everybody at 10/1, there will be nothing left."

Sir Edward: "The old story, Tommy. Haven't you heard me repeatedly say that backing horses on a race-course is most unsatisfactory? Getting worse every year!"

Lord Tom: "What is one to do?"

Sir Edward: "Why, open an account with Duggie. Give him your business on almost any terms you choose, either at Starting Price or 'Tote' odds with 'No Limit'—then go to the race-course with full peace of mind and hope for your gee to win. I've given all my friends the same advice, and they are *most enthusiastic about Duggie.*"

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Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London

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